

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 260—Vol. X.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

PRICE 6 CENTS.

BLUE WRAPPERS.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Papers sent in a blue wrapper this week indicate that the subscription has expired; it is necessary to forward the new subscription at once to insure the regular receipt of the paper.

AQUATIC SPORTS—THE TEN MILE BOAT RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE.

OUR up the river friends have been greatly excited for a few days past by the coming contest between Joshua Ward, of Poughkeepsie, the Champion Oarsman of America, and William Berger, of Newburg, whose skill and endurance warranted his friends in the belief that he was a match worthy even of the Champion. The challenge came from Berger, to all America, to row ten miles, the stakes being a sum of money and the Cham-

pionship. Joshua Ward's friends having profound confidence in his invulnerability, put up the sum necessary, five hundred dollars, and prevailed upon him to take up the challenge. All the preliminaries were arranged, and the match came off on Monday last, November 5th. The start was from Poughkeepsie, the course being twice around that rowed at the recent regatta at that city.

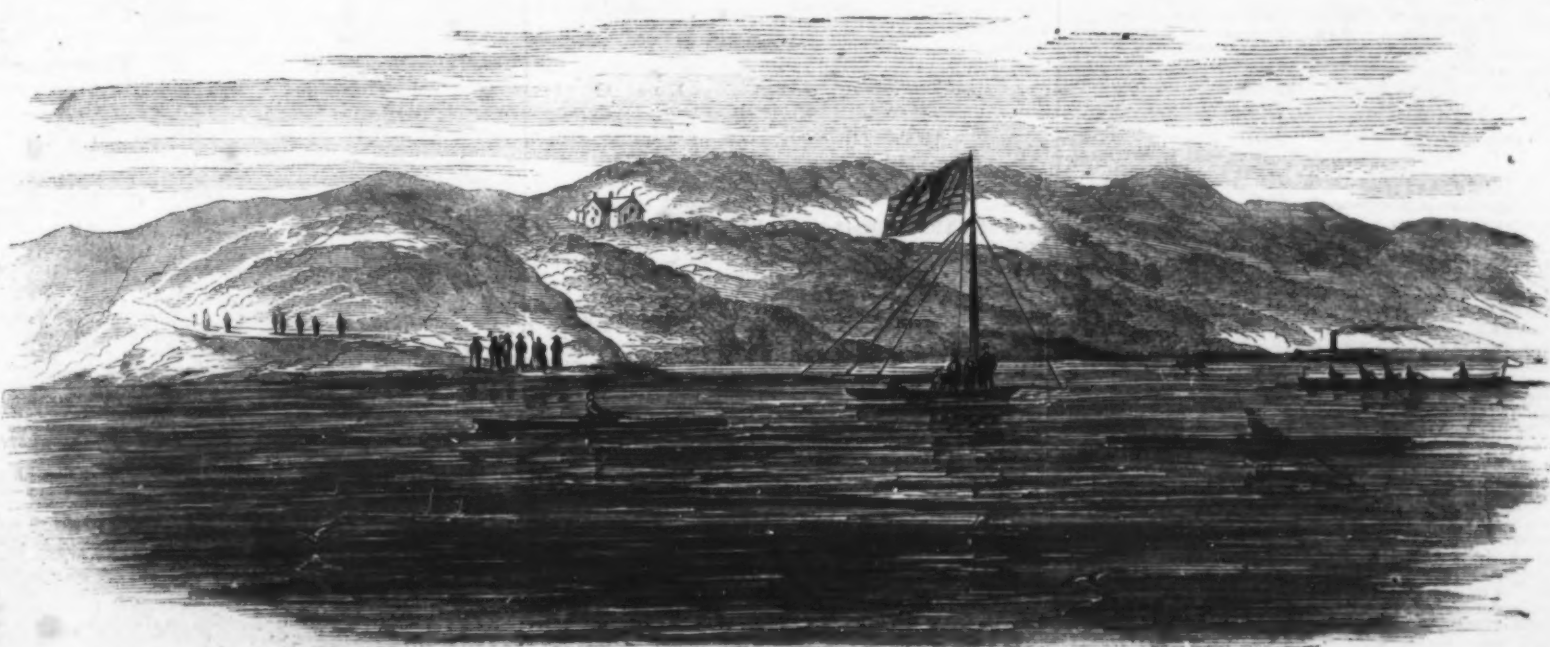
The warning signal was given at three P. M., Berger gaining the advantage of a boat's length in the start. This slight difference was soon, however, overcome by Ward, and the men rowed for miles nearly side by side. Nearly two thousand persons, from all parts along the river, were present to witness the race. A barge, filled with persons, steamed up and down the river. This was mostly filled with ladies. The Poughkeepsie crew, in their four-oared boat, rowed alongside of their champion, and cheered him on, while the Newburgers were provided with a small steamboat, which easily kept alongside of the rowers.

The course was about ten miles. On the home stretch Berger was slightly ahead, and would probably have won the race if he had not made a mistake in crossing the river to the opposite side of the stake boat to that which was agreed upon by the judges as the winning side, and before this difference could be regained Ward had passed him and won the race by only three and a half minutes. Time, eighty-three minutes and eighty-six and a half minutes.

Some of the experts in the science of rowing are of opinion that if Berger had not made the mistake we have mentioned, he would have had something more than a fair show for beating the Champion. As it was, the race was most stoutly contested, and highly creditable to both parties. Many consider this race as no test of the relative powers of the rowers, and efforts are being made for another trial of skill between them, to settle the question definitely, at least for this year, for Mr. Berger is not the man ever to stay beat while there is a chance of success left.



THE TEN-MILE BOAT RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE, BETWEEN THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, JOSHUA WARD, AND WILLIAM BERGER, NOV. 5, 1860.—THE START FROM POUGHKEEPSIE.



THE TEN-MILE RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE—ROUNDING THE STAKE-BOAT, FIVE MILES DISTANCE, WARD AHEAD.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

THIS establishment has resumed its former popularity, and is once more the resort of EVERY LOVER OF THE WONDERFUL, THE CURIOUS OR THE AMUSING. With an energy and foresight unsurpassed, everything novel is SECURED FOR EXHIBITION THERE,

and the public is always sure to find ten times the value of their money, for notwithstanding the immense Collection of Living and Preserved Curiosities and the

SPLENDID PERFORMANCES EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, the admittance to it is only 25 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

| | | |
|-------------------|---------------|------|
| One Copy..... | 17 weeks..... | \$ 1 |
| One do..... | 1 year..... | \$ 3 |
| Two do..... | 1 year..... | \$ 5 |
| Three Copies..... | 1 year..... | \$ 6 |
| Five do..... | 1 year..... | \$10 |

And an extra Copy to the person sending a Club of Five. Every additional subscription, \$2.

NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in rapport with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up with the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circle of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

Foreign News.

THE three despots have had their conference at Warsaw, and separated. It is said that the sudden illness of the Czar's mother prematurely called the autocrat away. Sometimes there are diplomatic indispositions, and this might be one of them. At all events, if the triumvirate had remained together a month they could do very little without the direct and hearty co-operation of England, and however the German Court of that nation might feel inclined to rivet the chains of dynasty, they knew too well the temper of the people to venture upon an experiment which might endanger the Royal Albert and his entire brood of panthers. England will therefore be a passive spectator of the great process now effecting in Italy, and which will result in the formation of a consolidated Italy under the sceptre of Victor Emanuel.

The voting of the people of Sicily and Naples had resulted in an almost unanimous decision in favor of annexation to the Sardinian Kingdom, and, as upon this principle Louis Napoleon holds his throne, and as it also agrees with the English doctrine of the people deciding their own destiny, all the despots in the world cannot affect it. With the exception, therefore, of Venice and Rome and its suburbs, Italy is one and independent.

Bombina still holds out at Gsta, but from the announcement that the English Admiral had sailed for that port, to protect his flight, it is clear his stay on Italian soil is approaching its termination. The British Legion had arrived at Capua, and had a skirmish with the foreign mercenaries of the tyrant, who were speedily put to flight. It is to be hoped that the young tyrant of Naples may fall into the hands of Garibaldi, just to give him an opportunity of disgracing the gallows by hanging the royal villain on it. Lord Lansdowne, who has been staying at Naples, has published an account of his visit to the prisons of that city. The account is perfectly harrowing.

Victor Emanuel was on his way to Naples, which he would enter on the 28th of October. Garibaldi had announced his intention of resigning his Dictatorship upon the King's arrival, who had signified his intention of raising him to the dignity of a Prince and a Field Marshal. We hope the armed saviour of Italy will not accept it; his noblest title is his name. Princes and Kings are very small men compared to a Garibaldi, cigar dealer, candle maker and liberator of the enslaved.

Louis Napoleon had published in the *Constitutionnel* a defense of his policy in the Italian question. It is a very quiet and modest statement, stating that non-intervention was his duty, as to ally himself with Revolution and openly assist the Garibaldi movement would have put him in hostility with Russia, Prussia and Austria, while to oppose it would have been to ignore the principle of popular sovereignty, by which he occupies the throne of France. He, however, clearly intimates that his wish is to see Italy free and united, and under Victor Emanuel.

The King of Sardinia, in his reply to the Neapolitan Deputation, is reported to have said: "Austria continues to threaten me. Not long since I received a note from her, through the Emperor of the French, which was full of passion. Austria is preparing for next spring; but then, with your assistance, I shall have four hundred thousand men in arms. I shall perform my duty as king and soldier. Let us all do our duty as Italians. The Pope himself now writes to me with kindness. The Powers of Europe are displeased, but none of them, except Austria, threatens. I am satisfied with Garibaldi. He may be a little capricious, but Italy has no nobler spirit or son. I have several times offered him artillery, but he has refused it. He flattered himself that he could take Capua by a bayonet charge."

The correspondent of the *Daily News* says, that on the 19th the British Legion were under fire for the first time. The Royalists came out in strong force, and the English were opposed to them and drove them before them within the walls of Capua. Eight of the Legion were killed, and thirty wounded.

The *Journal des Debats* says: "The British Legion is immediately attached to Garibaldi. Garibaldi reviewed the men. In the name of Italy he thanked England, in the person of her volunteers, for the great sacrifices she made in men, arms and money to uphold the cause of national independence, and concluded by saying it was the proudest moment of his life that he had under his command, and for his support, a legion of the free children of England."

The Russian Ambassador had withdrawn from Turin, after reading to Count Cavour a very dictatorial dispatch from Gortschakoff.

The Emperor of Austria was to be crowned King of Hungary in the Spring. The Emperor had granted a Constitution to the Hungarians. This was supposed to be an indication of his intention of warring with Ferdinand next year. It would seem certain from Victor Emmanuel's speeches, and the preparations of Austria, that both parties have resolved upon a final appeal to arms. What a disgrace to civilization that it does not take out of the hands of such a tyrant and madman as Francis Joseph the power of slaughtering thousands of his fellow-creatures, to gratify a bigoted delusion. The Spanish Ambassador had left Turin, after protesting against the invasion of Rome and Naples.

The Egyptian Government had resolved to extend the railway from Suez along the African shore of the Red Sea to within a short steaming distance of Aden, thereby shortening the overland journey by five days, and avoiding the danger of Red Sea navigation.

Panama.—Considerable annoyance has been aroused by the arrest of two officers of the United States Navy by the British officers at Panama. It will be remembered that last month the commanders of the English and American vessels of war were requested by the local authorities there to land some marines from their ships, to protect the life and property of the inhabitants against the riotous negroes. This was done, and when order was restored the troops were re-embarked. The next day the French and English Comanches stationed there not feeling secure, asked the commanders of their respective squadrons to send a guard for each consulate. One evening two American officers were on shore, and passed near the house of the English Consul, when they were challenged by the sentinel. Either from ignorance or pride they refused to answer, whereupon they were given into custody. The matter has since been explained.

To Subscribers.

THE NEW VOLUME OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

THE present issue of this paper closes our tenth volume. The subscriptions ending with this volume should be renewed at once, to insure the delivery of the first number of the next volume—the eleventh; as no number of the new volume will be mailed upon subscriptions which have expired.

The volume now closed is of unexampled interest and excitement, containing as it does the tour of the Japanese Ambassadors, the arrival of the Great Eastern and the visit of the Prince of Wales. Our illustrations of these events have been unexampled in their magnitude, number, variety and quality; and we can point to it with pride as the result of untiring enterprise, energy and foresight in the service of the public. Our efforts have been nobly repaid. Our sales have been enormous, and our subscription list, increased by thousands of the best names in every section of the country, proves that FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is esteemed as the great family paper of America.

The coming volume will hardly be inferior in interest to the one now closed. Our resources have wonderfully increased. In every section of the country we are in daily correspondence with first-class artists and photographers, engaged to supply us with illustrations of local interest and of all events which transpire in their neighborhood. Our artistic resources are more varied and complete than was ever combined in one establishment in the world.

The coming volume will contain a larger amount of interesting reading matter than heretofore; comprising striking and beautiful novels, tales and other amusing matter; besides editorials, criticisms on art, music and literature; chess columns, billiard columns and other interesting and useful items, making together the best and most richly-illustrated family paper in America.

Subscriptions should be sent direct to this office without delay.

The Late Election.

THERE was never yet an election held in the United States in which such important political issues were at stake, as that of November 6. Public interest was involved to an unprecedented degree, and the quiet and sobriety with which it was conducted afforded a noble and creditable indication of the serious and manly spirit of the men of all parties. On other elections rowdiness, merriment and a holiday feeling have always been conspicuously manifest, but this time the feeling that it was a time to act in earnest seemed to pervade every class of society. During the day those who visited the polls which received the votes of the most desperate portion of our population, were astonished at the peace and order which prevailed. The vilest back-slums of the city were far more quiet than on ordinary days, reminding one forcibly of Sunday. There were certainly fewer intoxicated men to be found during the earlier part of the day than one usually meets. It is said that the Duke of Newcastle remarked that the immense concourse of well-behaved people in Broadway was the grandest sight he had ever witnessed in his life. What would he have thought could he have seen the late election, and realized the tremendous interest taken in it by the vast multitude?

From this quiet and moderation alone, shown by the men of all parties, we should be perfectly justified in asserting that the winning party will hold itself and be held in check, and that most effectually, against committing any of those offences against the rights of others which have been apprehended. There have been no manifestations thus far of a desire to do other than conciliate the vanquished. In the late elections in the Western and Middle States, only a very small fraction of any party would favor secession under no matter what circumstances. Men who could when necessary display the moderation, manliness and common sense which were shown in this city on the 6th, will not suffer mere party feeling to ruin themselves.

Finally it should be borne in mind as a fact to be warmly rejoiced over by the judicious and patriotic men of all parties, that there will be a powerful Representative check on the Executive during the coming term. Whether the Republican or Opposition party had conquered, nothing more disastrous—even for their own interests—could have happened than for the victors having full sway. As it is, there can be, we trust, only peace. Should the President-elect be ambitious of re-election, he will probably endeavor to conciliate his late opponents, and this will afford a new bond of unity to the country. We trust that we offend no one by the remark—it is founded on no theory of Mr. Lincoln's character, but simply on the precedents furnished by a number of gentlemen who have, in the atmosphere of Washington, found their constitution curiously changed. But come what may, we believe—and that from no slight or uncertain basis—that no ground exists for apprehension or alarm. There has been a battle and a victory, but there will be no *ex victis* or "woe to the conquered!" Less has been lost or won than is believed.

The Secret of Progress.

MUCH is said in this day, by all who touch, however remotely, on social questions, of Progress. That this is a progressive age; that we are going ahead is not only conceded, but urged in a thousand forms. The orator, the poet and the editor play their surest card when they assure the world that we are leaving everything behind us.

Yet, with all this frequent assertion, it cannot be denied that there are few persons who have ever reduced to first principles their idea of progress. It is not, certainly, as most would say, the physical well-being of the multitude. Ancient Egypt, the granary of the world, had dynasties under which the people were well fed, and it seems doubtful whether in this point of view any of the principal nations of antiquity were not far better off than England at the present day, where, in a bleak climate, one per cent in twelve—sometimes one in eight—dies in a jail or almshouse. According to this rule, England has gone backwards. Yet she is in the foremost rank of progress.

On the other hand, Progress does not repose solely on a moral, a religious or an intellectual basis. Hundreds of communities of this stamp have laid buried in obscurity.

In proportion to the number of inhabitants, Iceland is at the

present day the most moral place known, and the one in which the inhabitants read most. The same may be said of many little university towns which, even indirectly, contribute very little to Progress. One daring book from a man of the world stirs the world up more than a dozen classes of their toast-and-tea party graduates ever do.

Certainly the most progressive state of society is that wherein we find the greatest increase of good for the greatest number. Where the multitude are not only being continually better fed and taught, but where they are also gradually rising in dignity and respectability, each according to his real social worth—where the best man, without reference to birth or social relations, is most esteemed on the basis of *faciæ*.

The whole of these conditions are embraced in the theory of a continual development of Labor, and its elevation from a disgrace, which the feudal age declared it to be, to a dignity. Every possible basis of human prosperity, every right of man, is provided for in the advance and elevation of Labor. Education and Science in every form aid, and are aided by Labor, and the more it becomes honorable in its low forms the more do they rise and lead it on. If there is a social lesson which should be understood to lie at the bottom of all morality it is this, and if there is such a thing as a practical basis to Christianity (that most explicit declaration of human rights), it is to be found in giving honest effort its dues. The tendency of "fashion" and of social corruption is invariably towards a heartless conservatism, which honors inherited rank and wealth more than intrinsic merit. Such corruption is prompt to elevate or degrade a man more for what he cannot help than what he can. Opposed to this, the doctrine of Labor honors him solely for the ability with which he does his work, whatever that may be. It has been found that all the resources of Science, the widest reach of Genius, may be profitably employed on the humblest and lowest work. In a few decades this will have become general. Where is the pride of birth and rank and association which is not humbled before Science? Are we too sanguine? The history of Labor for three centuries shows an advance of this nature, which not one person in a thousand has ever fully understood.

Almost within the memory of man the inferior order of clergy, medical practitioners and lawyers were not practically regarded as gentlemen in England. What novelist of the present day would dare to write, as D'Israeli did only thirty years ago, that "there is always some vile apothecary lurking about the houses of the rich?" Where are the "tradesmen" who, before the Revolution, stood in the market street of Philadelphia, cap in hand, to respectfully salute the "quality?" Where are the swords and brocade and ruffles, and other defences against community with "working people?" Now-a-days we all work. Work is the word, the gospel, the humanity of the century. Every vindication of the dignity and beauty of Labor is an effort made in the holiest of causes, while every sneer at a man, because of his calling, is the sin of a fool who does not understand his age or its tendencies.

Frank Leslie's Monthly.

THIS beautiful Magazine, called, by general consent, the *Monarch* of the Monthlies, concludes its seventh volume with the December number, to be published this week.

The December number is one of rare excellence, containing the first chapters of a new novel of intense and thrilling interest, called, "Verona Brent; or, the Wayward Course of Love," beautifully illustrated. Also, several other illustrated tales, among which are a most humorously illustrated story called, "Divorce a Vinculo; or, the Wrongs of an English Husband;" and a beautiful original story, illustrated, called, "Marrying an Ideal," by Stephen Paul Sheffield; with a vast amount of new tales, anecdotes, poetry and humorous articles, including "The Boarding-School Miss—Course of Education."

The Fashion Department is unusually rich, containing, besides the exquisitely colored Fashion Plate, numerous cuts of the newest styles in costumes, bonnets, needlework, crochet, &c., &c., and a large number of illustrations, with descriptions of the costumes of prominent ladies, worn at the ball given to the Prince of Wales at the Academy of Music, New York.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY is intended exclusively for families; it is got up in elegant style, large form, and contains one hundred pages of the most interesting and amusing literature, and a large number of the most exquisite engravings, fashion plates, &c. It should be in every lady's boudoir in the country.

Those of our readers whose subscriptions expire with the present volume will receive the December number wrapped in a green band.

Subscriptions for the following year should be forwarded at once to this office, 19 City Hall Square, to insure the prompt delivery of the January number.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

Acknowledgment of Services Rendered.—We feel great pleasure in acknowledging the friendly and business courtesies extended to us and to our artists in every part of the country. There is scarcely a place that we have visited but we have cause to remember some friendly attention. Among those whom we have special cause to thank for courtesies extended to our artists, we mention with much pleasure Mr. E. T. Rowe, Photographer, W. W. Mr. Spencer, Photographer, Ottawa, C. W.; Mr. George E. Pell, Photographer, Hamilton, C. W.; Mr. George L. Williams, St. Louis, Mo.

Great Pearls.—The largest pearls offered for sale at the present moment in the world are four pure and perfect gems now in the hands of Mr. Sed of Paris, a member of the house of Tiffany & Co. They are valued at one hundred thousand francs, and are free from flaw or blemish. They came from the Panama fisheries, though at what time they were taken from the shell is unknown; the larger dealers on the coast often keeping fine gems for many years before they offer them for sale, acting, possibly on the same principle as the *commisair* in art, who clings to his picture even though full value is offered.

We had Occasion in a former number to protest against the practice adopted by some of our judges of indirectly encouraging litigation, by leaving his lawyers to continue vexatious suits when they are against a poor property. We more especially allude to cases of divorce, a striking instance of which has lately occurred in the court over which Judge Ingraham so wisely presides. But as Homer did not so much as, as does this generally excellent official occasionally commit a wrong, more out of that pernicious habit the bench has contracted of straining a point to help one of the same pretension. A striking instance of this has just happened in the case of Trust versus Trust, in which, owing to the fatal fault the law affords, one of our oldest and most respected citizens has been for the last four years a rabbit and a hare of a woman, who by her own confession long ago forfeited all claim on her husband by the most unblushing flattery. This appears to have been Judge Ingraham's opinion, for upon the case being referred to him by the property of granting her a bare maintenance or a living while the divorce proceedings were pending.

in which
any little
y little to
stirs the
tea party
herein we
Where
d taught,
d respect
the best
is most
ory of a
m a dis-
r. Every
is produc-
tion and
the do they
could be
and if
y (that
ound in
and of
erivation,
intrinsic
a man
osed to
y with
has been
each of
lowest
Where
tory of
which

The Judge denied her petition, thus irrevocably condemning her case, and yet awarded a hundred dollars as a counsel fee—we presume to reward him for undertaking a bad case, and assisting a worthless woman to persecute an already injured husband. It is clear that the woman more deserved alimony, on the common grounds of humanity, than her lawyer did his fee. The order of Judge Ingraham was such a contradiction of fact, common sense and justice, that Mr. Trust appealed against the decision. But there is too strong a sympathy between these learned men on the Bench and their legal brethren, and the order was sustained. A wholesome warning to all who are so unwise as to resist a palpable injustice.

The Complaisance of the courtier who, upon Queen Elizabeth's inquiry when he expected his fair dame would bless him with an increase replied, "Whenever your majesty pleases," has been outdone by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Herald*, whose letter of the 1st October contains the following paragraph:

"The confinement of the Empress, which has been expected every day for the last two weeks, has been delayed till now, as if on purpose to give time for those negotiations to proceed. I learn from Dr. Obolensky, however, that her delivery will take place in a day or two."

It is with Tears of Laughter in our eyes that we now admit Frank Leslie's, till now formidable, *Budget of Fun* is eclipsed, and by a New York daily paper, where (in it is not expected to reveal, but what Rabelais or Punch ever came up to these two august of humor, these chunks of broadgrinism? The first is this fearful warning to the ladies:

OWN WORDS TO THE LADIES.—The splendid weather of yesterday brought out all the ladies and made Broadway a magnificent panorama of youth, beauty and fashion. What if at this gaily should be suddenly eclipsed by the triumph of the Black Republic? What if the child is now born who will see the grass growing in Broadway? Think of these things, matrons and maidens of New York. See that your male relatives vote for the Union and the Constitution. Your influence is great—look that you use it well. Vote early."

The concluding words are, however, a mockery, a delusion and a snare; for to tell these fair creatures "women, to vote early" will expose them to one year's imprisonment—a very funny. We regret that the next is not free from anti-maternalism—it is decidedly immoral to use actresses and singers to employ their charms for the Democratic party. And whoever heard of a prima donna or an actress having a husband or a brother? and if they had, is it likely they have votes? Only fancy Madame Fabbri getting up early to pull her husband out of bed, to "vote early!" But we give the advice from the *Herald* verbatim:

"Actresses and singers may for once use their sweet voices in the good cause, and see that their husbands and brothers give this one day to the Union. Get up at sunrise. See that glorious orb, if the weather permits—but vote early!"

The Rev. Mr. Beecher is decidedly a man of original thought. He preached Christianity from the mouth of Sharpe's Rifles in the Kansas question, and raised a subscription some years ago for a fair negress named Sarah, who was afterwards discovered to be sent by her master in Georgia on a begging tour, on the bogus pretence of buying her freedom. He now comes before us as a defender of "pious men." We find this in a Boston report of his sermon a few Sundays since:

"At this point, without gloves, and in the most unceremoniously decided manner, Mr. Beecher pitched right and left into the members of Christian Churches who shirk duty, militia duty, civic duty of all kinds and the paying of taxes in particular. 'As men grow rich they grow mean. Why I know men—pious men—who actually perjure themselves about the value of their property, that they may save what is justly due the city for taxes. They are as mean as well-meanness has tunnelled them from end to end, and the biggest one lies through the heart, and the Devil daily runs his trains through and through.'"

The Irish have all the caprice of children and the inconsistency of genius. About a thousand of that impulsive race were inveigled to form themselves into a Papal corps. Finding themselves swindled by that arch-deceiver, Cardinal Antonelli, they very properly refused to fight, and the men who, when well treated, carried the flag of Protestant England through the "fire of hell," which rained death at Sebastopol, and scattered the French Imperial Guard like chaff at Waterloo, surrendered to more Piedmontese, without the "one charge more!" These poor misguided creatures, after their surrender, were left to the mercies of an enraged foreign government; and now, when the English Government have generously offered to bring them back to their own homes, that mischievous Dublin *Freeman*, says, "The Irish ought not to accept the boon from the old tyrant." The *London Times* says the reason is that the priests do not wish to meet their dupes again, but had rather they perished in a foreign land, than return to brand them as traitors to humanity!

The World has a wonderful foreign correspondent, for he openly confesses not only that the Ministers do not consult him as to their measures, but that he does not know what passes at the Cabinet Councils of Queen Victoria. We quote "a bray" from this long-eared animal:

"I have not been able to ascertain what passed at the Cabinet Council on Saturday last, with reference to Italian affairs; but everybody feels that the system of the English Government is in the highest degree unsatisfactory with reference to the Italian question."

Now, as the Ministers themselves are all sworn to secrecy, we are surprised the foreign *Asses* of the *World* is in the dark. We are privately informed that the following sentence was in the letter, but was most unwarrantably suppressed by the editor: "Still everybody could tell, from the Queen's red eyes, caused by weeping, that Lord Palmerston had stopped her beer!"

If the Manchester Papers are to be relied on, Italy owes its liberty to Professor Fowler, bump-head to the Gothamites. The *Daily News* of the 6th ult. thus flowered like the aloe, it certainly ought to be a hundred years ere it bloom again:

"Professor Fowler, the well-known phrenologist of New York, is now in England. According to a Manchester paper, the professor, while speaking of military men during a recent lecture, drew attention to one portrait, which he said was that of a man who came to his office about fifteen years ago, with the question, 'What can I do best?' The professor asked him what he did, and he replied, 'I make soap for a living.' He then examined his head, and told him that of professions a military career was most suited to him, and that if he ever had the opportunity he should get the command of an army in the cause of right, for there his talents would now themselves to the greatest advantage. He had done so, and Garibaldi, that man, was now telling a tale on the destiny of Europe."

An English Paper gives the following account of Prince Flon-Flon's doings in England. It would seem as though Princess Clothilde sent him on his travels now and then, and that he availed himself of the last leave of absence to purchase pigs. Why does he not come to Cincinnati? The *Wills Standard* says:

"Prince Napoleon last week visited the farm of the Rev. H. G. Baily, of Swinford, and selected two of the worthy vicar's celebrated breed of pigs. His Imperial Highness set a good example to his 'brother farmers.' At six in the morning he was at the piggery, superintending the conveyance of the grunts to the station. Mr. Redman, the model farmer at Overton, was also honored by a visit of inspection of his steam plough, and other agricultural implements. The Prince proceeded to the wonders of Broad Hinton, and that Mr. Stratton was, like the other gentlemen, pleased with the visit, needs hardly be repeated."

Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun.

FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN every fortnight, instead of issue his UNRIVALLED BUDGET OF FUN every fortnight, instead of every month, begs to inform his readers that it is now universally conceded to be the

GREAT COMIC PAPER AMERICA,

and has reached a circulation more than equal to that of all other comic papers combined. It is issued on the 1st and 15th of every month, and contains a greater variety of humorous literature than any paper ever published. It is also profusely illustrated with engravings by the first comic artists of the age, and every number is embellished with two large cartoons, depicting the comic side of the great events of the day, whether social, moral or political. It also contains a grand comic romance, besides humorous poetry, anecdotes, funny stories, *bon mots* and other facetiae.

Number XXIX., being for November 15, has a grand pictorial burlesque on the Old Foggy Ball given to the Prince of Wales at the Academy of Music, and a picture of the Smothering of the Two Democratic Princes in the recent Presidential Tour.

Subscriptions for the year, \$1 50; or Six Cents each Number.

PERSONAL.

The *Daily News*, when it makes an effort at the facetious, is generally successful—see *signatures*. "Mr. Bonner has not yet denied the truth of the statement that the Prince of Wales has agreed to write a description of his American tour for the *Leader*, on condition that Mr. Bonner will pay off the national debt of England (\$4,000,000,000) within one year from the 1st of January next."

WITHOUT wishing to say one word in favor of the filthy habit of smoking or chewing, we give the experience of Ralph Farnham in the tobacco line. His grandson thus writes to the *Boston Traveller*: "Within a bundle of thirty letters which I have opened for him to-day, I found several inquiring if he used tobacco in any way. Presuming you might possibly wish to know, I will state that he commenced the habit of smoking when he was about forty years old, and is now 'an inveterate smoker!'"

Among the passengers by the Adriatic are Bishop Kip and son of California; the Rev. W. Adams and family of this city; Col. Pickens, late United States Minister to Russia; Col. Lay, United States Army; Mrs. W. L. Macy and daughter, and W. R. Calhoun, Secretary United States Legation at Paris.

Mr. C. L. ELLIOTT, the great painter, has just completed a portrait of himself, which is equal to his finest efforts. When he has passed away, the world will be glad to look upon the likeness of our greatest portrait painter.

PAUL DUGGAS, the artist, is seriously ill in London.

A FATALITY seemed about to fall upon the Royal Family of England last night. The Prince of Wales had his nerves shaken by a drunken Britisher shaking his fist in his face, and a fatherly hug from *Punch*—saying nothing of a narrow escape by the railroad train going off the track; then the train on which the Queen travelled in Germany was all but run into by a big burgomaster on another train; and to complete the horrors, the Prince Consort, while hunting in the forests of Saxo Gotha, fell down, and scratched his nose.

The *Charleston Courier* has a New York correspondent of great sagacity—his powers are almost prophetic—he knows more about the press of New York than it does itself. Among other astounding developments, we learn that the *Sun* is not what it was! That the *Express* is conducted on sharp principles, charging as much as it can get and paying as little as it can. We also learn that Mr. Raymond lives in good style. We are sorry to learn that the *World* has lost \$37,000—still more sorry to learn that the plump stockholders are beginning to be tired of "a shell-gamy."

The following account of a visit to the distinguished Belgian artist, Louis Gallait of Brussels, will be read with interest by those who are familiar with his works in this country, very fine examples of his style being in the galleries of Mr. Belmont, and Mr. Wright of Hoboken. He is well known here, too, by the engravings of two of his paintings, "Art and Liberty," and "L'Oubli des Douleurs." The original picture with figures of life-size, the dimensions of which the artist could not give me, was painted for Mr. Ravenna of Berlin, and is now in his private gallery. The lithograph is considered excellent, one of the best that has ever been made after any of his pictures. The picture has no personal story, but is a pure creation of the artist's imagination. It is, doubtless, too familiar to need a particular description. Its tender pathos must have touched the heart of many a careless observer. In the course of our conversation I asked Mr. Gallait if he had any pupils. "No," he said, "I am no professor, and have no scholars; I prefer to teach my own liberty; I am free here. It is more the centre of Europe than Paris is, and I can go and come where and when I please. Moreover, I can say and write what I please in Belgium, and that I cannot do in France." And turning to his picture of Art and Liberty, which stood before us, he said, "Behold the type of my life, Art and Liberty. I love them both, inseparably, they march together." It will gratify the lovers of art in this country to learn that Gallait has just finished a cabinet reproduction of his "L'Oubli des Douleurs" expressly for a distinguished collector of pictures in Baltimore.

Mr. HAWKINS, the executor of the late lamented painter, Van Beest, is very diligent that the *Tribune* should have called the deceased artist a vagrant painter. Whatever Worcester or Webster may say, the word "vagrant" is not a pretty word, and rather belongs to a Tinker and Forker than a Thinker and Worker.

CHARLES HAPP, of Auburn (what residence in it?) is very much vituperated for his willingness to marry Fred Douglas's daughter. In justice to Happ, we wish to observe that his price was \$20,000 for the job. We are afraid there are many Democrats as well as Republicans who would do it for one-half the sum.

The news by the Prince Albert announces the death of the great patron of agriculture, Charles Gordon Lennox, fifth Duke of Richmond. He was born in 1791, at London, and is a descendant of a natural son of Charles II., by the Duchess of Portsmouth. He served in the army in his youth; at the battle of Waterloo he was in Wellington's staff. In 1810 he took his seat in the House of Lords. Whatever Worcester or Webster may say, the word "vagrant" is not a pretty word, and rather belongs to a Tinker and Forker than a Thinker and Worker.

As old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared that she knew a rock of which he was wholly ignorant. "You don't say—just name it, madam," cried Cobble, quite self-possessed. "It is rock the cradle, sir," replied the lady.

The style of weddings in London is getting to be most magnificent, and at the best weddings there are sometimes sixteen bridesmaids—all wearing veils, and looking like a procession of nuns, though perhaps not quite thinking as saintly. As it is the fashion to make each a costly present of a diamond locket of no less value than £100, the money mounts up with the increase of this unusual item of marriage expenses.

THAT terrific bag of wind, George Augustus Sala, whose initials are his true name, Gas, has announced in a grandiloquent preface the forthcoming *Tenple Bar Magazine*, of which he is to be editor.

AMATEUR PERFORMANCES.

We witnessed a few evenings since, at the house of Mr. Myers, the performance of "Everybody's Friend." The following is a copy of the program, which was printed in gold, on cards, very tastefully gotten up:

PARLOR AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.

Monday Evening, November 5th, 1860, will be presented the comedy of EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.

| | | |
|---------------------------|-------|------------------------|
| Mr. Felix Featherly | | MR. J. H. MAGONIGLE. |
| Mr. Frank Featherly | | MR. ALFRED MYERS. |
| Maj. Wellington de Boobis | | MR. MICHAEL MYERS, JR. |
| Mrs. Featherly | | MRS. ADRIANUS. |
| Mrs. Swandown | | MRS. MYERS. |
| Mr. Boots | | MRS. MYERS. |
| Fanny | | MRS. MYERS. |

Previous to the comedy an ORIGINAL ADDRESS will be spoken by Mr. EDWARD MYERS.

Commence at 8 1/2 o'clock.

The comedy selected was a very amusing one, and played with great spirit from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

The ad performers deserve special notice for the manner in which they acquitted themselves. The performance was frequently interrupted by applause from a select and fashionable audience, composed of over two hundred persons, prominent amongst whom were many of the fairest of the fair daughters of Judah, whose black eyes and handsome forms challenged admiration.

After the performance, the guests retired to the supper-room, where an elegant collation was served by the celebrated Maillard. After partaking of which, Mr. Walcott made a most eloquent speech in proposing the health of the host and hostess, which was feelingly responded to by Mr. Myers, it being the anniversary of his natal day and the day of his retirement from business.

After supper, the dancing commenced, which was much enjoyed, and kept up to the wee small hours.

We had almost forgotten to mention the toilettes of the lady performers, which were of the most becoming and elegant description. We think that these charming performances have a very beneficial effect, and should be more indulged in; they give confidence to the young members of families, cure them of nervousness, and by meeting and addressing small audiences, they are prepared to meet larger ones on this great stage of life.

NEW MUSIC.

A New Mass for the Catholic Service.—A few weeks since we attended the morning service in Dr. Cavanaugh's church in Twenty-ninth street, and heard a new mass composed by Charles Weir, the organist of the church, and a very clever writer. Fashion has walked in so boldly and has got so strong a hold in our churches now that her dictates are imperative, and the old masterpieces of Haydn, Mozart, Hummel, Weber and Beethoven are voted old foggy and a bore. In their place we hear the flimsy, soulless compositions of tenth rate modern Italian writers; more vocal displays, mere tricks, meaningless and perfectly devoid of all devotional sentiment. The change may be popular, but it is a melancholy evidence of the increasing frivolity of the public taste and the want of sober earnestness of our people. It is an insult to the understanding to suppose that any one could entertain devotional feelings while listening to vocal gymnastic exercises and movements à la polka, to which the organ, like an unwieldy mammoth, prances with ponderous levity. They are but miserable Italian operas in disguise, wretched travesties of the solemn mass.

Mr. Wells has to some degree followed the pernicious model of the modern frivolous mass, and has too often sacrificed serious earnestness to mere vocal display. But a very large portion of his composition is not open to this objection, but is, on the contrary, well considered, earnest, melodious and thoroughly harmonized. The *Gratias Agimus*, duet for soprano and tenor, is a melodious movement in imitation (free canon) well sustained. The *Domine Deus* is a broad good melody for tenor voice solo. The unaccompanied quartet *Qui Tollis Peccata Mundi* is by far the best composition in the mass. The sub-junct is staid, flowing and melodious, richly and elaborately harmonized and effectively voiced. It is highly creditable to the ability of Mr. Wells. The soprano solo *Qui Tollis* is an agreeable dash and oeristic for the subject, but vocally ineffective. The tenor solo *Deum de Deo*, is a very charming *Andante* movement and appropriate in the gravity of its character. The quartet *Et Incarnatus est* is second only in excellence to the previous *Qui Tollis*, being tenderly melodious, richly harmonized and well voiced. The bass solo *Et in Spiritum* is a well sustained fragment, and the fugue *Et Expecto Resurrectionem* is spirited and well constructed. The *Benedictus* is a very pleasant movement, and if it has less claims to originality than the before-named certain pieces, is still melodious, well harmonized and effectively voiced. The *Agnus Dei* is chiefly characterized by a very direct and rather inappropriate accompaniment, and a subject so entirely operative as to be sadly out of place in a solemn mass.

Our readers will perceive that we recognize much that is very admirable in this new mass by our fellow-citizen Mr. Charles Wells, and much that is distinguished for ingenuity and skill. His success is where he preserves the old character of the composition, his failure where he imitates unworthy models. We cannot characterize the work as being strikingly original, but it is eminently a clever and musically production—one which has very justly raised Mr. Wells' reputation as a composer. It gives ample evidence that the writer is capable of a higher flight, and should encourage him to further exertions. A greater conscientiousness in the matter of the high principles of art will give the creations of his mind a vastly increased value. The production and publication of this work may be looked upon as an encouraging feature in the respect of our musical future.

The mass was well and effectively rendered by Mrs. Isadora Clark, Mrs. Cummings, Mr. Quinto and Signor Centemari, Mr. Charles Wells being the organist.

FIRTH AND FORD, 547 Broadway, have sent us the following new publications: "I Know a Pair of Hazel Eyes," Song, by Signor Sticelli; "Brilliant Variations on the Air 'Dixie's Land,'" by Charles Grobe; "Second Military Polka," by J. Ancher; "Sweet Evening Hour," Quartet, by S. Lawrence, and "Sky-rockets," Quickstep, by C. S. Grafels.

Sticelli's song is very pretty, melodious, singable and of the utmost possible simplicity. Sticelli is decidedly not a genius, but he writes in a manner precisely suited to the public taste. This song is sure to be popular.

Charles Grobe's *Brilliant Variations* are by no means brilliant, and can hardly be termed variations. Anything more utterly common-place cannot be imagined. It is numbered as the one thousand two hundred and fiftieth composition of Mr. Grobe! Shak-speare says, "Ill weeds grow apace," and the prolific fecundity of this gentleman illustrates the truth of the line. His works bear the same relation to music as sign painting does to the limner's art, with this difference, that a good sign is a good thing, *per se*, but a piece by Grobe is not a good thing under any aspect. We understand that Mr. Grobe celebrated the production of his one thousandth piece with solemn hilarity. Had he celebrated his first piece and then stopped writing, it would have been sensible in him, and the world would have been saved from a vast amount of trash.

Acher's *Second Military Polka* is a very spirited, characteristic and melodious piece. It has in it all the elements of popularity, and will certainly meet with a large sale. The other two pieces are too bad to be honored by a line of notice.

DRAMA.

Mr. Forrest as Othello.—During the past week Mr. Forrest appeared in his great rôle of Othello, on each occasion before a house crowded to its utmost capacity. We have always regarded Othello as, *par excellence*, Mr. Forrest's grandest impersonation, and now see no grounds for altering our opinion. There is so much grandeur, so much dignity, and at the same time such a depth of feeling in his rendering of this part, that our admiration and sympathy are alike enchained. In the first and second acts the earnest, trusting love of the Moor, and his intense happiness in its fulfillment, are depicted by Mr. Forrest with beautiful fidelity; but when, in the third act, all his fond hopes are dashed to the earth by the villain Iago, Mr. Forrest's acting rises indeed to the sublime. The terrible struggle between love and jealousy rendered with such fearful reality that you seem to see Othello's very heart vibrating between those mighty passions, until at length that "monster that doth make the meat it feeds upon" obtains the mastery, and the great soul of the Moor becomes a playing thing in Iago's hands. After the climax of the third act the fourth and fifth acts of the tragedy are necessarily in a measure tame, but Mr. Forrest succeeds in retaining his hold on the feelings of his audience to the last scene of all, when he falls by his own hand beside his wronged and murdered wife, and achieves a triumph such as no actor besides himself was ever able to reach. With most representations of Othello all interest ceases with the third act; but as we have before said, Mr. Forrest holds his audience spell-bound to the very end. Mr. Conway's Iago is in all respects a thoroughly good performance, chaste and intellectual; he is probably the best representation of the part in the country. Mr. Fisher is not happy in Cassio, nor is Mr. Fenno better in Rodrigo. Mrs. Conway plays Desdemona acceptably, and Mrs. Paniel is an excellent Emilia, but dresses for the part in the very worst possible taste. The tragedy is put upon the stage with great care, some of the scenery being especially beautiful, and will continue the attraction for the next three or four weeks.

On the 6th of night, the sensation drama, called the "Dead Heart," is acted, and a thoroughly sensation play it is. Founded upon incidents that occurred during that period of "picturesque and gloomy wrong," the French Revolution, it possesses a deep interest, some of the situations being wrought out with thrilling effect, and is placed upon the stage with some degree of care, but had a closer attention been paid to the detail and arrangement of the scenery and machinery, the "Dead Heart" would have met with a large share of success. It is admirably acted—Miss Conway's Desdemona, each other in excellence; indeed, the scene in the third act wherein occurs the duel to the death, is startling, real. A Mr. John Chester enacts the comic rôle, and is a valuable addition to the company; we especially commend the modesty with which this gentleman has come before us; almost unannounced, he has relied entirely upon his real ability to win a position, and we do not doubt but that ultimately he will find he has adopted the proper course. Mrs. Conway is very good in a very trying part, and the minor characters are just tolerable.

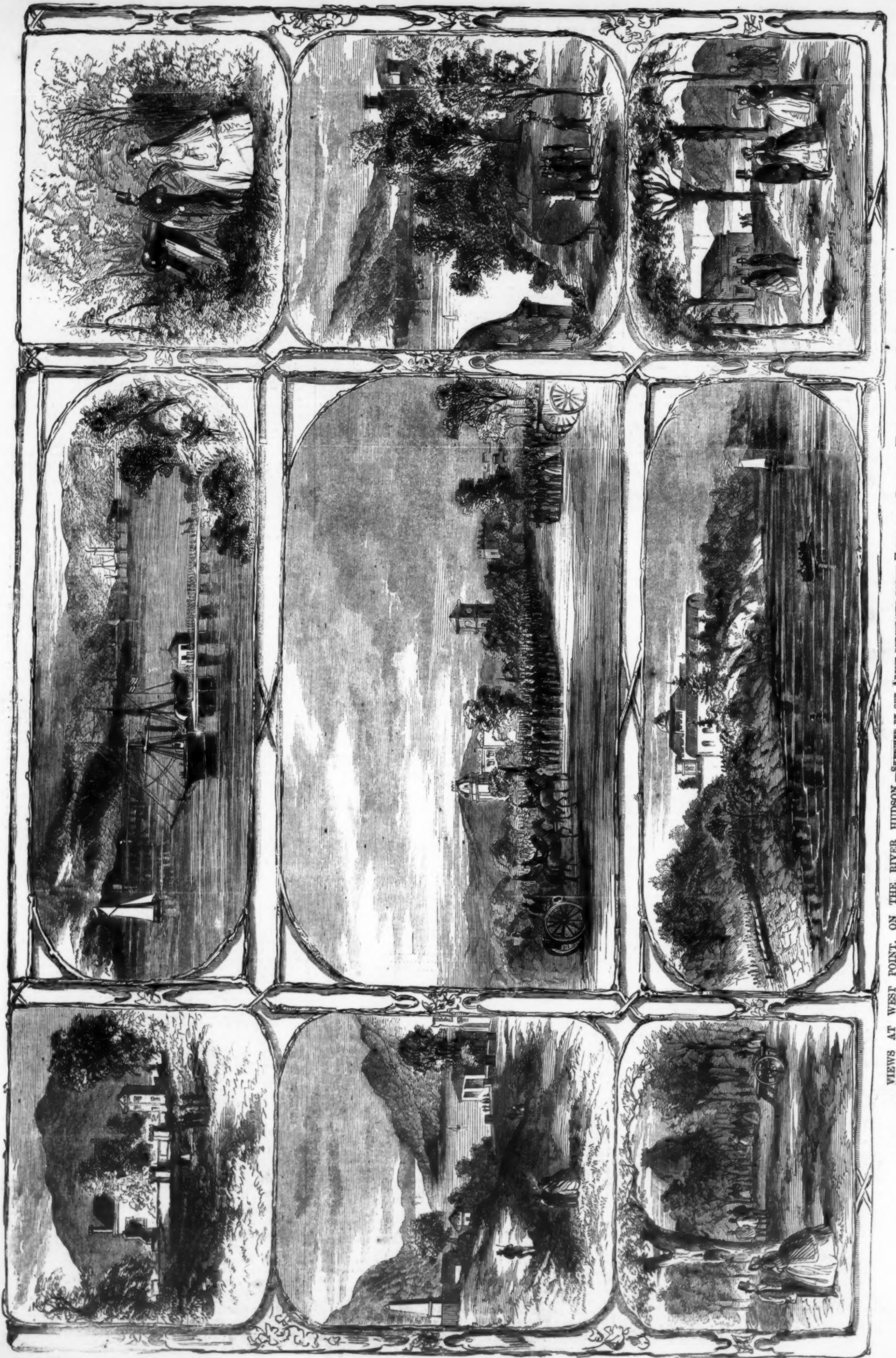
Wellback's.—"Playing with Fire" still increases in popularity; we notice that the distinguished author has made a most successful debut in London, in his own comedy of "Romance and Reality." Wherever he goes we get to follow him in his footsteps.

Winter Garden.—Miss Cushman has played Queen Katharine three times, and Lady Macbeth as often, since our last notice, and in each part met with cordial approval. Her Lady Macbeth, however, being vastly superior to her Queen Katharine. It is very generally conceded, even by her most ardent admirers, that Miss Cushman fails in characters where the sympathy only of the auditor is to be aroused, and this being eminently the case with Queen Katharine, it follows that she does not by any means bring the soul of the unhappy Queen home to the heart; she tells us what she suffers, but we do not feel it. In the rendering of the part, however, Miss Cushman is of course admirable. In Lady Macbeth the actress finds a rôle more congenial. The wit of the weak-minded Thane has put away from her all womanly attributes, and seeks only to reign and rule; she would mount higher and higher, though blood and tears mark her pathway. Representing such passions Miss Cushman is at home, and if she does not realize all that the mind imagines Lady Macbeth should be, she at least approaches nearer to the standard than any living actress. Of Mr. Conkock's Cardinal Wolsey and Macbeth we cannot speak in terms of praise; he is hard and angular, and jerks out the words of the text with an apparent unconsciousness of their meaning. Why so gentlemen should have been engaged to support Miss Cushman, when so careful and excellent an actor as Mr. Dyott was already a member of the company, we are at a loss to determine.

Laura Keane's.—An adaptation by the famous novelist, Charles Reade, of Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," entitled "Physis and Fanny," was produced at this theatre on Wednesday evening of last week, and on the same evening two young ladies, Miss Willoughby and Miss Melvin, made their debut in New York in a condensed version of the "Bazaar Opera." Neither of the above mentioned experiments can be fairly called successes; "Physis and Fanny" partakes more of the nature of an extravaganza than a comedy of real life; it is without point, and deficient in interest and incident. It is, however, seldom before the public; it is always disagreeable to say unalloyed things about the fair sex, but what resource is left as if we so directly challenge criticism? We see that Tom Taylor's comedy is still undimmed, and trust that it will find its way to the head of the bill ere long.

Barnum's Museum.—"Joseph and his Brethren" still draws crowds to the Lecture Room of this indispensable institution, while the curiosities remain the million by their endless variety. The What is it? and the Alibi family are still the observed of all observers, and deserve the observation.

Ten San Joaquin (Cal.) Republicans announce the death of a famous terror to that vicinity. It was an enormous grizzly. It had so long occupied the hunters' trails and their rifles, that the people had a superstition that it was the Old Boy himself! Dr. Mitchell and a party of gentlemen, not sharing this idea, went in pursuit of him, and shot him, after a long chase. Eighteen bullets were wound in his carcass.



VIEWS AT WEST POINT, ON THE RIVER HUDSON.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST DURING THE RECENT VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND SUITE.—SEE PAGE 404.



STEAM THRESHING MACHINE, MANUFACTURED AT THE HAMILTON AGRICULTURAL WORKS, HAMILTON, OHIO - OWENS, FANE, DYER & CO., PROPRIETORS

HAMILTON AGRICULTURAL WORKS.**Owens, Fane, Dyer & Co., Proprietors, Hamilton, Ohio.**

This grand establishment is located at Hamilton, Butler county, Ohio, a flourishing manufacturing town of some eight or nine thousand inhabitants, situated on the Big Miami river, twenty-five miles from Cincinnati, on the Hamilton and Dayton Railroad. This town is looked upon as the future Lowell of Cincinnati. The hydraulic works are the most extensive and reliable in the West. The canal is taken from the river several miles above the town, and can bring the whole stream into the town and deliver it upon a level with twenty-two feet fall. There are three large paper mills here, seven flour mills and numerous other manufacturing of various kinds, supplying articles of the greatest demand in the West.

At the late United States Fair, one of the largest and most attractive displays of machinery was made by Owens, Fane, Dyer & Co., from Hamilton, Ohio. They exhibited in the Agricultural Machine Department threshing machines, horse-powers and portable steam threshing engines, and in the Mechanical Department their portable saw mill engines, circular saw mills, improved saw mill head blocks, a new steam governor, &c.

This firm are extensive manufacturers of this kind of machinery for the Western and Southern markets, their trade extending even to California, having within the last two years shipped heavy invoices of their machinery via New York to San Francisco. They exhibited one of their largest sized threshing machines with all the modern accessories for threshing, separating

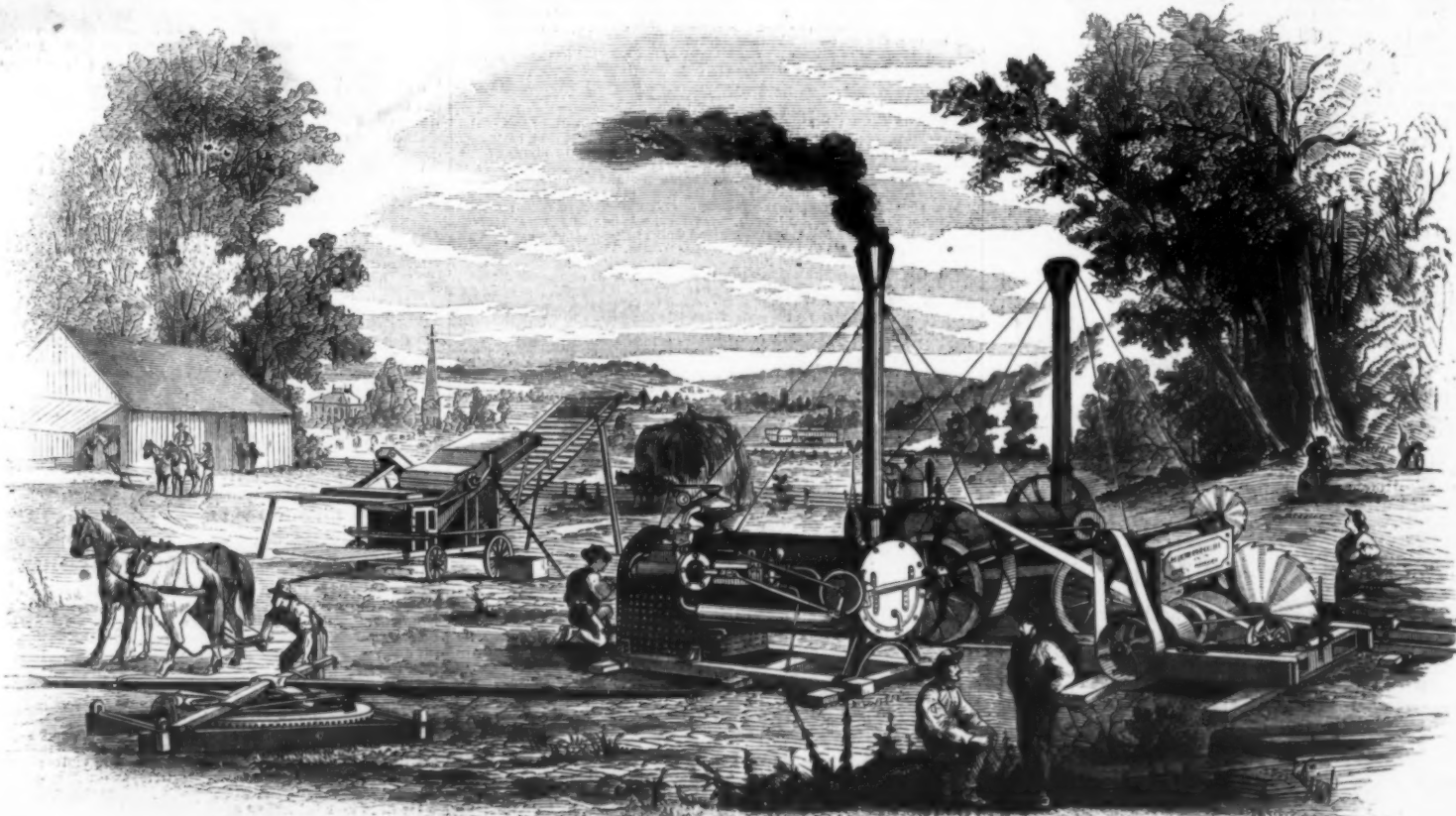
and cleaning grain of all kinds, with an attachment for carrying off and stacking the straw and chaff as it is now done in the most extensive wheat regions of the West. This was driven by one of their eight-horse portable engines, designed and constructed for farm and plantation use. It is mounted upon strong and substantial wheels, with iron axles, and secured to it so firmly that when the wheels are locked, by bolting a couple of planks upon each side of them, level with the ground, it is as firm and steady in its motion as the best running stationary engine.

Threshing by steam is comparatively a new feature in agricultural industry, new even in the West, where almost everything is as yet new. A few years ago there were some attempts made in this direction. Occasionally a farmer would buy one of the small Eastern portable engines to do his threshing and other farm work. Some few men who follow threshing for a business, had ventured on getting an engine to take the place of horse-power and horses, but the engines and machines were too small to give satisfaction, and the business was not successful, few threshers or farmers being willing to risk the expense or supposed danger of such an experiment.

The firm above named having established an extensive and very successful business in building the horse-power reaper with which they were supplying their customers, were frequently having inquiries as to the practicability of steam threshing and where engines for that purpose could be found. Being men of enterprise and anxious to supply their customers with the best that could be had, their line of business, they went into a careful investigation of the different kinds of engines that had been

used for the purpose, noting their peculiarities, their defects and their merits, and earned all that could be a cause of their failure. After thus thoroughly posting themselves up and feeling confident that there was a field for success open in a new direction, they went into the business in earnest, and designed and constructed an engine which they intended should, in every respect, answer the purpose desired for a good portable threshing farm or plantation engine. The result was a machine, simple in its construction, strong and substantial, easily managed and kept in order, which far surpassed anything that had ever before been tried for that purpose; so much so that, in the neighborhood where their first machine was tried, it established steam threshing as an eminently successful business.

The engine gave entire satisfaction to the men who purchased it, enabling them to run their large ten horse threshing machine to its fullest capacity with a low pressure of steam, and fully satisfied the farmers that it was safe, practical and convenient; and the purchasers were immediately overrun with orders for threshing, securing to them jobs of threshing from men who had large crops of grain, who, although they had good ordinary horse-power machines, preferred to let them lie idle and send for the steam thresher to do their work. This, their first machine, is now running in the neighborhood where it was first started, and has run every season threshing from fifty thousand to sixty thousand bushels of grain per year; it runs from five to six months each year. There are now near the south-west corner of Butler county, within a range of ten miles from where this machine was started, twelve of these steam threshers running steadily



PORTABLE STEAM SAW, MANUFACTURED AT THE HAMILTON AGRICULTURAL WORKS, HAMILTON, OHIO - OWENS, FANE, DYER & CO., PROPRIETORS.

during the threshing season, which generally lasts from July to February, and all doing a good business. It may be proper to state for the information of the general reader, that grain threshing in the West is not generally done by each farmer doing his own work, but is done by men who purchase a threshing machine and go from farm to farm threshing each man's crop for so much per bushel. The price varies in different localities; in places where the best machines are in use, and the crops are large, the price for wheat is from four to five cents per bushel; for oats and barley from two to four cents. In some of the Southern States it is double that, the thresher furnishing the feeder, engineer or driver and measurer, the farmer the rest of the attendants. In threshing from the shock in the field, there will generally be from twelve to eighteen men employed; after the wheat has been stacked five men will be able to do the work, from eight to twelve being sufficient to fully man one of these steam threshers and work them to their full capacity. During the season they will average about five hundred bushels of wheat per day; they are capable of threshing one thousand bushels of good wheat in ten hours, and frequently work at that rate for several hours—sometimes whole days.

Their machines are constructed after the celebrated Pitts model, invented by John A. Pitts, of Buffalo, New York, patented in 1837. This, we believe, was the first machine that proved any way successful in threshing and cleaning grain at one operation. They are now variously modified by different manufacturers, but essentially the same in principle, and are almost the only kind in use in the West. The one exhibited is of the largest size, having a cylinder thirty-six inches wide, twenty-one in diameter, and all the other parts in proportion; and will thoroughly thresh and clean, in good condition for market, as much grain as can possibly be fed into it by one man, with as many assistants as he can work, and do it without choking or clogging up in any part of its operation, or carrying over the grain in the straw. It is as perfect in all parts of its construction, and finished as thoroughly and tastefully as the best carriage work, and was exhibited just as they are turned out of the warehouse to customers.

The greatly increasing demand for portable circular saw mills in the West, and it being intimately connected with their portable engine business, has induced them recently to add this branch to their already extensive business. The mills they make are of a new invention, having some peculiarities about them well worth the attention of the practical sawyer.

The proprietors of the Hamilton Agricultural Works are all active, prudent, industrious mechanics, who came together upon this Western field of enterprise from widely distant homes.

One of the firm, Mr. J. E. Owens, was born in Wales; Mr. Dyer, the machinist and practical engineer of the establishment, was born in the State of Maine, and served an apprenticeship there; Mr. Kerfer is from Germany, and Mr. C. Fane a native Buckeye. They all commenced business without any other capital than that possessed by any mechanic who has well learned his trade, and has industrious, prudent and economical habits. They have in a few years succeeded in building up an eminently successful business in their line.

Their establishment covers several acres of ground. They manufacture all the different parts of their machines from the raw material with their own workmen in their own workshops. Their policy in building machinery has ever been to improve and perfect their work, and in no case to reduce the cost at the expense of usefulness and efficiency. They have received first premiums for best portable engines, best threshing machines, best farm engine and best steam governor.

THE PRINCE AT WEST POINT.

EARLY on the morning of October 15th a crowd had gathered around the Fifth Avenue Hotel, hoping either to see the Prince or a grand military escort which it was said would accompany him to the Harriet Lane, in which he was to go to West Point. So great was the assembly on Twenty-third street, that it is said that five dollars were paid for the privilege of standing on the boxes of carriages to witness the departure.

At ten minutes past nine the carriages of the Prince's suite drove up to the door. The following anecdote of an incident which here took place curiously illustrates the excitement of a mob, and at the same time the flunkeyism so common in all countries: "The Prince's barouche took up its station in front of the door, and several persons made a rush to touch the carriage, but only one girl succeeded, and she went back chuckling and crowing, saying that she 'did touch it after all.'" After some delay the party got on board the Harriet Lane, followed by a faint cheer. The weather was delightful, the sun and the breeze being equally invigorating. Several small steamers accompanied the cutter all the way to West Point, and all along the route she was cheered or greeted by persons at the landings or in boats. Just before three o'clock the cutter arrived at West Point, where an immense number had assembled to see the Prince, the whole front of the hill being alive with people. The Prince, after bidding good-bye to the officers of the cutter, stepped ashore and was introduced to the officers there assembled. At the suggestion of Colonel Delafield the Prince rode on horseback to the review to be held in his honor. Escorted by two squadrons of dragoons he went on, in company with Colonel Delafield and staff, the latter consisting of Adjutant Holubad, Lieutenant Williams and Lieutenant McMillan. The roar of the cannon of Fort Knox formed a grand accompaniment to the procession, while the cheers of six thousand people filled up the intervals of the artillery.

Before the review the Prince went to the residence of Colonel Delafield, where he was received by General Scott. After refreshments he was escorted to the academic buildings, in company with the attaches of the establishment. Shortly before four the Prince had completed his survey and returned to the residence of Colonel Delafield, previous to visiting the parade ground. At the latter eight battalion companies of cadets, eleven files front, presented themselves, after which came the sappers and miners, the artillery and dragoons. When the Prince appeared, Major Reynolds gave the order to prepare for review. The ranks of the troops opened, the band struck up a brilliant air, and the manoeuvres, the marching and the salutes were executed in grand style. The review was emphatically perfect, and reflected high honor on the discipline of our National Military Academy. The Prince expressed the warmest satisfaction with what he witnessed, and requested that his thanks might be expressed to the cadets. The parade having concluded, he returned to Major Delafield's house, where he was introduced to the cadets, and uttered the hope that he might revisit them more at length.

The first and part of the second floor of Cozzani's Hotel, at West Point, were appropriated to the use of the Prince. Great pains had been taken to render the rooms attractive, and they were truly beautiful and luxurious. After the ceremonies of the day the party returned hither, where the Prince, greatly fatigued, at once retired to rest. At seven he dined with the royal party. After the conclusion there was a great rush of visitors to return homeward. Every ferry was crowded, and cars and steamboats were insufficient to contain the multitude, several hundreds being obliged to remain behind all night.

Great disappointment was experienced relative to the ball which it was expected would be given. Colonel Delafield had given his consent, and everything arranged for the occasion.

"Fatigue" was given as the excuse for the Prince's not attending, but as he passed the evening with his suite engaged in polling tenpins, great indignation was expressed by the ladies, who had prepared magnificent dresses for the occasion. The royal party retired at a late hour, rising at a correspondingly late one the next morning. The Prince passed the morning in visiting various localities, among them Butternut Falls. The party then rode to the old wharf, about a quarter of a mile above the regular landing, where, amid the plaudits of a large crowd and music, they embarked on board the Daniel Drew for Albany. It was remarked that both during coming to West Point, Albany, and leaving, the Prince took little or no interest in the scenery, passing most of his time in smoking or reading.

As our engravings embrace some excellent views of West Point, a few words relative to this most romantic spot may not be inappropriate. As is often the case, the same rocky eminence which constitutes its chief beauty also adapts it to defence, and it was chosen during the Revolution for that purpose. Fort Putnam, then erected, crowns a hill of five hundred and ninety-eight feet elevation above the river. In 1802 Congress established here the celebrated Military Academy, which is supported entirely at the expense of the Government. The buildings devoted to this institution are on a level nearly two hundred feet above the Hudson, occupying about one mile square, which embraces, however, room for military evolutions and the practice of gunnery.

The approach from the river on the east is interrupted by an almost perpendicular wall of rock, while wild and rugged hills rise on the west and south-west. From the piazza of the hotel there is seen towards the north the finest river and mountain pass in the world. Mountains of more than a thousand feet high abound in the view, while the winding Hudson renders them doubly beautiful.

The promenade towards the east, on the rocks, commands varying scenes of unrivalled beauty.

On a spur of the Highlands, extending towards the south or south-west, and surrounded on three sides by deep ravines and steep ascents, lies Fort Putnam, above which, on a level, were old Fort Clinton and other military works, which were during the Revolution the fortifications of West Point. Kosciuszko here held a command, and Kosciuszko's garden and the splendid tomb erected to his memory by the Cadets of 1828 recall him frequently.

The healthy, bracing atmosphere, the magnificent scenery, the gaiety which gathers around the Academy with its military life and balls, and finally, the tendency of Fashion to flow in this direction, all contribute to make the spot one of the most attractive in the world. During the late visit of the Prince it assumed its best appearance, and the thousands who flocked in from the country, or came from the cities, lent it a charm which will not be soon forgotten.

ERLE GOWER;

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. AND II.

THE scene opens in a cold, cheerless afternoon in November, when a carriage containing an old gentleman and a fine, handsome youth of nineteen years is dashing along on the way from Wootton-under-Edge towards Kingswood Hall, the residence of one of England's proud nobility. The youth demands of his aged companion some information respecting his birth and parentage. This the old man declines, but says that he is taking him to Kingswood Manor, where he has a right to shelter, and adds, mysteriously, that Lord Kingswood can solve the mystery. The youth at first refuses to proceed, but upon his companion declaring that his residence there is a sacred duty he owes one who is dear to him, he acquiesces in the wish of his associate. He confides, also, to the youth his name, which he was to keep secret. He also added that he had been his true friend, and would ever prove so.

In a short time they reached Kingswood Manor, one of those noble old residences so common in England. The aged man and his youthful charge alighted from the carriage and inquired for Lord Kingswood. The former was ushered into his presence, while the youth was taken to another apartment which looked on a magnificent woodland scene. While buried in gloomy reflections and forebodings, a pair of tender hands were pressed over his eyes, and a sweet, silvery voice cried out,

"Guess my name, Or a forfeit I claim."

Erle Gower, for such was the youth named, sat utterly bewildered. The hands were removed, and a beautiful girl stood before him. Their astonishment was mutual. After casting a terrified glance, she ran away like a frightened fawn. At the earnest entreaties of Erle, the beautiful girl returned and apologized for her unwitting familiarity, by telling him that as her cousin Cyril was expected she mistook Erle for him. She then disappeared.

Erle remained in a reverie for a few minutes, and with the instinctiveness of jealousy cried, "I hate that cousin Cyril!"

CHAPTER II.

The room to which the attendant ushered Ishmael Malpas—the name of the elderly traveler already alluded to—was a large study, where sat a handsome man in the prime of life. Lord Kingswood rose abruptly to his feet as he entered, and rebuked his attendant for thus conducting any one unannounced to his presence. He then, in a stern voice, ordered him to retire. When the two men were thus face to face, Lord Kingswood said, in an uncertain tone, "I did not expect to find you the bearer of that note." A scene of the most wonderful power ensues, in which the visitor, whose real name is Vernon, harrows the soul of the guilty nobleman with recounting the wrongs of an injured lady whom the earl had married and deserted. The truth is, of course, the child of this unhappy lady. The whole range of sensational literature does not contain a more thrilling chapter. It appears that while Lord Kingswood had endeavored to beguile the virtuous scruples of his beautiful victim, the marriage had actually been legal, so that when he thought he was seducing his victim he was really marrying her. When Ishmael Malpas told him this, and also that the youth lived and was at that minute beneath his roof, his anguish was indescribable. What if Lady Kingswood should learn it? The thought was distraction.

After an interview, Ishmael sprang into the carriage and was driven away, leaving Erle, the youthful stranger, at Kingswood Manor.

CHAPTER III.

There are times When Fancy plays her gambols, in despite Even of our watchful senses! when in south Substance seems shadow, shadow substance seems. When the broad, palpable and marked partition 'Twixt that which is and is not seems dissolved; As if the mental eye gained power to gaze Beyond the limits of the existing world.—Scott.

THE consideration which so urgently prompted the mystified and astounded Lord of Kingswood to hastily quit his study, and hurry in search of the youth his unexpected visitor had brought to him, was the possibility of Lady Kingswood obtaining the first interview with him, and subjecting him to an examination calculated to elicit singularly inconvenient revelations. Lady Kingswood made no allowances for human frailty, perhaps because she lacked firmness herself. We are but too apt to concern in others the infirmities we ourselves possess. Lord Kingswood, therefore, dreaded the result of such disclosures as he feared his youthful, unexpected and most unwelcome guest would naturally make.

If Lady Kingswood were to learn that her husband had, while wooing her, chosen another, and had actually given his hand in marriage to her, even though the ceremony had been a mock one, she would not hesitate to make the world acquainted with the fact. Lord Kingswood was painfully conscious of this. He knew that she would care nothing for his position or the disgrace the disclosure might bring upon him. She would parade her wrongs, even though collectors that she had lived up to the very hour of her marriage,

and only too frequently after it. That, however, was a set-off not permitted to enter the account between herself and partner. What she might commit of a questionable character she did not charge her account with, but she debilitated her husband with every sin she fancied he might be guilty of. She accused him and threatened him in a manner calculated to terrify him. It amounted to nothing that her charges in many instances were false and unjust. She but too often threatened to act upon them in spite of all his excited protestations of their untruth.

The secret which Ishmael possessed was, therefore, one which, if she knew, would madden her, and impel her to ruin Lord Kingswood's domestic life, not alone because she had been tricked and deceived, but because it would then appear that she was not legally his wife, and then her only son would be illegitimate. Ishmael, in bringing to Kingswood the boy, though he might be his son, had, consequently, suspended above him an avalanche, which, at a word, might descend and overwhelm him.

To keep the terrible secret from betrayal as long as possible, it was necessary to close the boy's mouth against the shrewd cross-questioning of Lady Kingswood, and, therefore, his lordship was most solicitous to have an interview with him before her ladyship knew of his existence.

With a misgiving which produced a sense of faintness, he remembered how long the youth had been left alone, and he quickened his pace on quitting his study, until, encountering the servant who had conducted the boy to the room he then occupied, he ascertained where he had been bestowed—in the very apartment Lady Kingswood most frequented.

He drew himself up and paused, then went slowly on, like a coward going into battle having no chance of previous fight.

He gently unclosed the door and looked within the apartment his servant had named. A tall, slim, elegant youth stood leaning upon one elbow by the window, gazing thoughtfully into the open space, with its glorious prospect before him.

He was alone, and Lord Kingswood drew a long breath—it was something more than a sigh of relief—and then resuming, as well as his turbulent thoughts would permit, his usual haughty, aristocratic mien, he addressed the youth, to call his attention to him.

The boy turned round and faced him.

A low cry burst from the lips of Lord Kingswood, and he clutched at a chair.

"It is her living resemblance!" he murmured.

If he had before a floating doubt of Ishmael's truthfulness, he had none now.

Nature has a triumphant mode of asserting her way, even over a bad heart.

Lord Kingswood's first impulse was to catch the boy in his arms and press him to his breast.

Cold worldliness interposed, and he controlled the impulse. Selfishness is ever too officiously intrusive when the natural feelings are desirous of free action, and though it cannot prevent a generous impulse, it can quickly coax it over with ice.

Lord Kingswood cast an anxious eye upon the door, and returning to it, he closed it firmly, though he did not fasten it.

He then advanced to the boy, who yet stood by the window eyeing him curiously, and on reaching him he said, in a somewhat peculiar tone:

"I am Lord Kingswood."

A flush mounted to the boy's brow, he bowed slightly, but instantly drew himself erect, without making any reply.

A shade of disappointment as well as of embarrassment passed over the pale features of the nobleman.

"Tell me," he said, assuming a frankness of manner he felt that he could ill support, "are you dull at being parted from your friend?"

"My friend!" echoed the boy with an air of surprise. "What friend?"

"I mean Mr. Vernon, the friend who accompanied you hither," returned Lord Kingswood, a little surprised in his turn.

A smile almost of derision curled the boy's lip.

"I have seen too little of him to have any feeling respecting companionship with him or separation from him," he responded. "Then the expression of his features changed, and he added with a sigh—'Yet I believe that I am much beholden to him, and perhaps I ought to express myself differently.'"

"How long have you known him?" inquired Lord Kingswood, quickly.

"But a few hours," the youth replied, rather hesitating in his delivery. "I saw him for the first time this morning."

"The first time this morning!" echoed Lord Kingswood, with an air of surprise, accompanied by an increase of hauteur. "Pray, where did you meet with him?"

The boy observed the alteration in his lordship's manner. The hue of his cheek became deeper, his eyes glistened brightly, and his bearing assumed a yet prouder aspect than before.

"He sought me at the school at which I have been reared," he answered, speaking rather rapidly. "The master, Dr. Crambo, who conducted me to the reception-room where he awaited me, said on my way thither, that he had been from my infancy my only friend. He brought me hither. I know no more. If you desire to learn more, I cannot answer you—you must seek your information from him."

"Softly, softly, not so fast," rejoined Lord Kingswood, struck by the youth's fiery impatience. "There happens to be a certain kind of information I am desirous of obtaining which you only can furnish."

"I dislike answering questions," impetuously returned the youth.

"Granted," responded his lordship. "Yet it is not the less necessary that you—for your own sake be it understood—should reply to those I consider it to be requisite to put to you. When were you placed at the school you have now left, and by whom were you placed there?"

"I was very young indeed," he answered, thoughtfully; "I cannot tell at what age—it is many years back—I—I do not know who placed me with Dr. Crambo."

Hot tears rushed into his eyes, and he turned his face to the window, to conceal them as they gushed from his eyelids.

Lord Kingswood was moved more than he liked to confess to himself.

He laid his hands gently on the boy's shoulder.

"I have no desire to distress you," he exclaimed, in a kinder voice than he had yet assumed; "but your replies to the inquiries I am submitting to you possess a greater importance than you can imagine. A few more easily answered, and I have done."

The boy dashed the glittering drops from his eyelid, and said coldly—

"Proceed, my lord."

"What name were you known by at school?"

"Erle Gower," was the reply.

Lord Kingswood started. For a moment only he pressed his white hand upon his pallid forehead, and then removing it, he asked:

"By what other?"

Erle glanced sharply at him, as if stung by the question.

"By no other," he replied huskily.

"What history of yourself and connections did your companion hither furnish you with?" inquired his lordship, bending upon the youth's countenance a searching look.

"He preserved a close silence respecting it," replied Erle, in a low tone, an expression of gloomy dissatisfaction passing over his features.

"But he assigned some reason for bringing you hither and placing you in my—my charge?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, quickly, though he hesitated at the last word.

"That of duty!" returned Erle, with more energy of utterance than he had yet displayed. "He impressed upon me that I had the rights of another to sustain as well as my own; that my claim to be maintained and guided to a prosperous future by you was a right one; and that you—yes, my lord—would reveal to me in what relation I stand to you. Oh, my lord, I do not know who, what I am. If you have mercy, I entreat you—"

"Hush, hush!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with a sudden display of violent perturbation. "Be silent; and remember in answer to every inquiry made by others to you, to repeat only that you are an orphan, brought up at school, and that I have taken you under my protection. Be wise and discreet, as you value my favor."

All this was said in a rapid undertone, as the sound of the rustling of silk caught the ear of Erle.

Perhaps he might have been disposed to be rebellious, and have disobeyed the injunctions of Lord Kingswood, but the exhortation to be wise and discreet caught his ear. He instantly remembered the advice of Ishmael, and resolved, as far as he could, to obey the counsel given to him.

At the same moment the door opened, and Lord Kingswood, sitting in his chair, said:

"Your journey has fatigued you. I will give instructions immediately respecting your apartments, and—oh, Lady Kingswood!" he exclaimed, with affected abruptness, as he found his wife at his elbow regarding the youth with a gaze of unequivocal surprise. He rapidly, and not without displaying some of that embarrassment which was most desirous of concealing, introduced Erle to her ladyship.

Lady Kingswood was a tall, fine woman, rather stouter than she wished to be, nearer to forty than she cared to acknowledge, fair in complexion, with handsome features, still retaining much of the beauty which distinguished them in youth, and possessing a presence, commanding, rather by the results of early tuition and aristocratic associations, than that it pertained to any native dignity of character.

Exceedingly jealous in disposition, she fostered an inquisitiveness, ways offensive, until it degenerated into rudeness. It frequently urged her to put questions of a close and embarrassing kind, which, of course, no less than self-respect, should have taught her to withhold; but the endless craving to confirm by inquiries a suspicion mostly as unjust as ungenerous, swept away all those considerations which properly influence, and, in fact, govern a delicate and refined mind.

As we have said, there was no mistaking the surprise she betrayed; and she listened to the explanation of his lordship's conduct with the air of one who did not believe a sentence he uttered.

Quite satisfied, however, that the present moment was not a proper one to push the thousand inquiries which rushed through her brain and sprang to her lips, she merely bowed her head in cold assent to each statement Lord Kingswood made, quietly reserving the treat of closely questioning Erle when alone with him.

It must be confessed that she was struck by the appearance of the young stranger. There was a certain elegance as well as boldness in his mien, which assured her that he sprang from no common stock, and his looks at least created in her breast a favorable opinion, even though she felt that there was some secret attached to him likely to inflict great pain upon her when she became mistress of it.

"I was informing Mr. Gower as your ladyship entered that I would immediately give instructions to have a suite of rooms prepared for him," observed Lord Kingswood, with an evident desire to appear at ease. "Your ladyship will perceive that he is fatigued; he has been travelling some hours, and will need some rest before he joins us at dinner."

"Does Mr. Gower stay with us long?" inquired Lady Kingswood, looking at her husband with half-closed eyelids, an expression he knew well how to interpret.

"A—yes—that is—for an indefinite term. A—really, Lady Kingswood, the commonest laws of hospitality forbid a question of that nature. Mr. Gower's stay will be the subject of future arrangement," returned Lord Kingswood, red and white, hot and cold, by turns.

Lady Kingswood curled her lips as she rejoined,

"As I intend to take upon myself the care of securing Mr. Gower's personal comfort while he remains with us, I fancy that it was a very natural question to put; but you need not say another word, my lord; I believe I fully understand you. I will myself give the instructions necessary at once."

So saying, with a bend to Erle, which would have been frank and pleasant but for some floating displeasing fancies, she quitted the apartment.

Lord Kingswood raised his finger to his lips as she disappeared, and murmured,

"Be cautious and reserved in your communications, and adhere to the same story respecting yourself which you have related to me; not a syllable beyond it."

As he concluded, he hurried after Lady Kingswood.

Erle, left to himself, with a heavy heart, turned again to the window, and looked out. The sounds of carriage-wheels, rapidly moving along the drive, attracted his attention, and he saw several equipages approaching the mansion. It was evident that there was to be a dinner-party, and that the guests were beginning to arrive. He shrank from the prospect of encountering a quantity of strange persons, to whom he was convinced that he should be an object of curiosity and inquiry. It was an ordeal to which he felt unequal, and he determined to remain within the room now preparing for him for the remainder of the night, if Lord Kingswood would accept an excuse for his absence from the dinner-table.

His reveries were interrupted by the appearance of a matronly-looking woman, quietly dressed; in fact, the sombre and the antique predominated in her attire. She made him an exceedingly dignified obeisance, and shutting her eyes, said, in a mincing voice,

"My Lady Kingswood has graciously pleased to direct me to conduct you, young gentleman, to apartments hastily preparing for you. Will you be good enough, sir, to follow me?"

Rather pleased than otherwise, Erle obeyed, as the elderly dame saluted somewhat grandly from the room; but before he reached the part of the building assigned to him, he was amazed at the labyrinth and the length of the passage and corridors through which the old lady led him.

At last, out of breath, she paused at a door, and turning to him, said

"You will lodge here, by my lady's directions, young gentleman for the present. I trust you will excuse such ommissions as you may this evening discover, but if you will be so obliging as to mention in the morning any small inconveniences to which you may have been subjected, they shall be remedied, and all deficiencies shall be supplied inmediately."

She opened the door, and entered a dull, dreary-looking room, dimly lighted by two narrow Gothic windows. The room itself was large and lofty, with old-fashioned furniture in it, which seemed, perhaps in consequence of the dimensions of the apartment, scanty and widely distributed. A wood fire was kindled upon the hearth, but had hardly yet broken into a blaze; and the whole aspect of the room was chill and repellant.

There was an inner room, in which two or three females were bustling about, arranging its contents with great activity, increasing the rapidity of their movements under the supervision of the old lady.

At length, one by one they passed through the room in which Erle was silently and mechanically watching their movements; and as they glided by him, he observed that they eyed him askance and with an expression which appeared to be compounded of awe, amazement and compassion.

The elderly matron, too, though the last to retire, seemed restless and ill-tried.

"A—my Lady Kingswood has—graciously informed me," she said, with hurried accents, as she backed out of the room, "that you would be pleased to take your dinner to-day in your own apartment, in consequence of the fatigue you have suffered from long travel. It will be my care to see that proper attention is paid to you. I am Mrs. Muddlemit, the housekeeper, a—yes—a good—a day, young gentleman. I—hope that you will enjoy—a—hem—a—profound repose after your journey—a—heaven protect us!"

A very perceptible shudder passed over the frame of the old lady as she concluded; and she hastened away from the room with more speed and less dignity than she had hitherto exhibited.

Erle was now fairly alone, with as much real cause for sadness as ever isolated human creature unacquainted with the authors of his existence, and surrounded wholly by strangers, could possibly possess. Yet, perhaps sadness was not the predominant feeling in possession of the youth's mind. He had been accustomed to the presence and the companionship of persons unalike to him by any other ties than those which bind society together. He had but exchanged one home among strangers for another, and to that confusion of affairs he could soon have accommodated himself, but tutored up with his presence at Kingswood, there was a question of origin. He had a rightful claim on Lord Kingswood. What was it? His cheek burned, and a strange sickness at heart seized him as he asked himself repeatedly this question. Unable to arrive at any satisfactory supposition, he, with an impatient gesture, tried to dismiss the subject from his mind, and sought to divert his thoughts by an examination of his apartment.

The part of Kingswood Hall to which he had been consigned was evidently extremely ancient. It was wain-cotted with paneled oak, blackened by time. The furniture, too, of chairs, tables and other appendages, were of black oak, and of an early date. Two or three full-length portraits, probably ancestral, hung upon the walls, and in fact, the whole of the contents of the apartment, as well as the room itself, were of an age long past.

It presented a strange contrast to that he had just quitted; it was

as if to-day and three hundred years ago stood hand in hand beneath the same roof.

He examined his bed-room, which presented the same characteristics as the sitting-room. Both rooms had several doors in them, probably belonging to store-rooms, or some such receptacles; rooms, anciently, being well supplied with such needful repositories. Altogether, there was a strange, dreary, sombre, if not awful aspect in the apartments, not at all alluring to the nervous or the superstitious.

The gloom suited the tone of Erle's mind, and he regarded them rather with the respect their antiquity inspired, than with any fear that the shadows of former residents revisited them in the silent night.

He advanced, after his survey, to one of the windows of his sitting-room, and looked out. A totally different view to that he had seen from the window of the apartment he had first entered, met his gaze. He was now located in the rear of the building, and though a portion of the park and some distant scenery were visible, yet the great proportion of the view was forest-land extensively and thickly wooded.

The night was closing in fast, the wind moaned as it swept past in sharp gusts, and the trees away backward and forward, shorn of their leaves, and looking grim and desolate in the murky twilight.

Erle turned away from the prospect, gray and sullen as it looked, and flung himself into a chair, where he sat ruminating until his dinner was brought to him by a couple of servants, one of whom remained to wait upon him.

He had, on seeing the approach of visitors, formed a wish to dine alone, but he now felt dissatisfied to find his wish anticipated. He suspected that he had been considered too humble for such distinction, and his dinner seemed to choke him as he swallowed it.

"I will never eat the bread of dependence, and so my Lord of Kingswood shall find," he murmured to himself, when again left alone. "What care I for this great house and park if I am to be regarded and treated as an intruder! He shall tell me who and what I am, that I may know how to face and fight with the world."

He turned his eyes about his gloomy room, and he thought of the brilliant revelry below. He wondered if that fair girl, whose warm breath seemed yet to play, zephyr-like, upon his cheek, would be of the party, and whether the tenderness intended for cousin Cyril, which he had received, would be repeated when cousin Cyril was really alone with her. With a sigh, he rose up, and retired to his sleeping apartment.

How large, and shadowy, and grimly silent it looked! A fire blazed brightly upon the hearth, and the small light of the lamp he bore, but it cast black and ghastly shadows. Still so superstitious awe raised any feeling of dread within him.

He paused before a portrait which was hung above the large chimney-piece and regarded it earnestly.

It was the resemblance of a lady, young, and of strange, weird-like beauty. A singular thrill passed through his frame, as a vague impression that he had seen that face before took possession of his mind.

Then he shook his head mournfully, as he asked himself where he, who had been his whole life immersed as he was at school, could have beheld it. The sweet, gentle, tender expression on its features—in its eyes especially—no face, that of mother, sister, relative of any denomination, had ever borne for him; no such had he ever known. He had from his earliest recollection been as isolated as even now he felt himself to be.

Then flinging down his taper he threw himself upon the bed, and cried—

"How desolate! O, how desolate I am!"

He gave way to a violent paroxysm of despairing grief, but nature, ever beneficent, changed his sobbing into slumber, and he lay motionless upon the bed, until the hour of midnight was tolled by the great, solemn bell, in the clock-tower.

The sky had cleared, the wind had sunk, the bright beams of an unclouded moon poured in brilliant refuence into the room, rendering every object within it distinctly visible.

The mouldering embers upon the hearth threw a red glare only in their immediate vicinity, the lamp was extinguished, and the cold moonbeams reigned supreme.

If sounds of festivity from joyous guests had, during the evening, disturbed the stillness, they had ceased now. All within and without, was as silent as cathedral aisle in the dead of night.

As the last peal of the bell yet vibrated in the air, Erle suddenly rose up in his bed rigidly erect. His eyes were wide open, but fixed. He stepped lightly on the floor, and walked slowly across the apartment, as if steadily following some object.

He entered the sitting-room with the same slow, measured step, still as if in pursuit, and paused before an open door, situated in a remote corner of the apartment. Then he clasped his hands upon his temples, uttered a low cry, and fell on the floor, as if bereft of life.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE 6th of November, 1860, will be long remembered, for on that day the apparent policy of our Republic was changed, and the powerful and somewhat reckless party which has so long governed the country received a severe check. There is a gathering conviction in the moderate Democratic mind that four years of Salt River will be as beneficial to the Democracy as Saratoga is considered to be to plethoric millionaires and dyspeptic spinsters. Eight years full power seems to be too much for the virtue of any party, and that organization which has boasted of a Jefferson as its leader has not been able to retain its health under the full feed of a prolonged banquet. The spoils have corrupted the victors.

There was a quiet energy about both parties that showed how earnestly they had applied themselves to the result. The Democratic element lost somewhat of its elasticity, and the Black Republicans assumed a restlessness rather out of character with their color. The weakest plank in the Democratic platform was the foreboding that Douglas and his partisans were not in earnest, and the result has, in the opinion of many, borne out the suspicion.

As the day approached, rumors and counter-rumors flew in all directions. The Pewter Mug looked solemn; Tammany, resigned; Delmonico's wore a mixed aspect, while the Bulls, Bears and Snakes of Wall street assumed the air of deeply injured men. Jones took Smith by the button-hole and bewailed the dissolution of the Union, while Smith received the intelligence with the vivacity of a tombstone. Brown said that rents would go down, which made his tenant Robinson mightily rejoice. Some men shook their heads at the idea of South Carolina cutting herself adrift and wandering about disconsolate. Another man had received a letter from Kentucky containing the wonderful intelligence that "the Union was right side up;" another had seen Helper, whose brow looked gloomy; some thought that the Tribune buildings showed signs of a Pemberton catastrophe, while one fortunate individual had actually had a whole conversation all to himself with the decapitated Sanders, who assured him Lincoln was as good as elected. One remarkable feature was the astonishing absence of all spirituous excitement; had the possessors of elective franchise been all tetratallers, they could not have worn a more watery aspect. The most exciting spot was Crook and Duff's, where, as Shakespeare says, "politicians most do congregate;" there ginslings, cocktails and brandy smashes were in full blast.

The crowd was a most animated one, consisting of men of every stripe of politics; there were few listeners, for nearly all were talkers, but despite the loud talk, it was very evident that fear and doubt had taken possession of all, and that the most determined "blower" trumpeted his asseverations with a mental reservation.

The voting commenced with the opening of the booths, and went on without intermission until the moment of closing the same. Business men waited for hours to take their turn, to deposit their votes. Many complaints were made of obstructions thrown in the way of voting and unnecessary challenging of gen-

tleman sent away to procure some one to vouch for them, and on their return being informed that they were found to be duly registered. Many similar attempts were made to interfere with the rapid order of voting, both by the Union and Republican parties. In some places more names were registered than could possibly deposit their votes. This was a great error, and there can be no doubt that both parties suffered therefrom, but the Union party by far the most.

Every one views with astonishment the marvellous quiet which reigned around the polls, and the general order and unobstructed manner of voting. Those wards which, in by-gone times, had achieved an unenviable eminence in riot, blasphemy, and too frequently bloodshed, were as quiet and orderly as the Fifth Avenue. It seemed as though the spirit of a Sabbath day had fallen upon these black spots in our beautiful city. Scarcely any party spirit was exhibited, each man felt that he was about to perform an important duty, and did it seriously and soberly. The issue was too important for trifling, and that belief seemed to be entertained by the entire mass of the people.

One or two arrests were made for illegal voting, but otherwise the police had a very idle time of it. At the headquarters of the police, however, there was a great rushing to and fro, and the business seemed to be extremely active. Arrangements had been made there for receiving telegraphic communications from the various districts. The police telegraph is in the basement, and as the reports came in they were sent to the room above, where the Superintendent and his clerks were present. Each report was then read aloud by a clerk, so that the reporters of the daily papers who were in the adjoining room could all note them down and make up their accounts for their several journals. The system worked admirably, greatly facilitating the labors of the reporters and also insuring a much greater degree of accuracy. The Tribune office, though not so noisily surrounded as some of the other newspaper offices, was thronged all the evening and night by anxious, earnest men, eager to know "how the city was going, and how about the State?"

Our artists, in their perambulations, saw some amusing scenes. In one of the lower wards, an earnest Irish Republican lugged a drunken comrade out of his cellar to insure his voting "sairly." In another place a very ragged, dissipated, but independent voter, declaimed upon the glorious institution of universal suffrage, while close by an Irish woman was endeavoring to persuade her husband "not to vote the nagur, anyhow."

About midnight, a sharp little riot took place opposite the Astor House, between a Wide-Awake procession and a gang of rowdies, in which knives and pistols were used. The rowdies fought desperately, but the Wide-Awakes were too strong for them, and finally beat them ignominiously from the field.

The headquarters of the parties exhibited scenes of great excitement during the day and night. Let us look in at

Tammany Hall.

No building in America has been so long identified as a party place of meeting as Tammany Hall. From the days when Halleck sang that

"The buck-tails are wagging in Tammany Hall,"

this temple of the Indian Saint Tammenud has always been a centre of extreme excitement on election nights. Recent political differences have shorn "the old Wigwag" of much of its glory. Still on November 6 there was a large meeting, amid the cheers of which Captain Isaiah Rynders ascended the platform, announcing the Democratic majority given by the Thirteenth Ward. He then in a spirited speech discussed the probability of success, and commented on the returns from the different wards as they came in. He also spoke of the impropriety of having more names registered at a poll than can vote there. His own experience at the polls, the rumored defeat of Burlingame and summing up the returns from the different districts, and a speech on general Democratic principles, seasoned with strong language and a still stronger "anecdote" of Greeley and a colored woman, filled up the time. Finally, as the returns began to come in, more abundantly, the speaker's enthusiasm diminished. The audience had lost their fire, the room seemed perfectly stifling to any save the lungs and nostrils of a "rough;" silence stole over the Wigwag, and finally the captain descended calmly and marched off to livelier scenes, to learn if there was yet some chance of fortune's turning. By nine o'clock the old Hall was almost deserted.

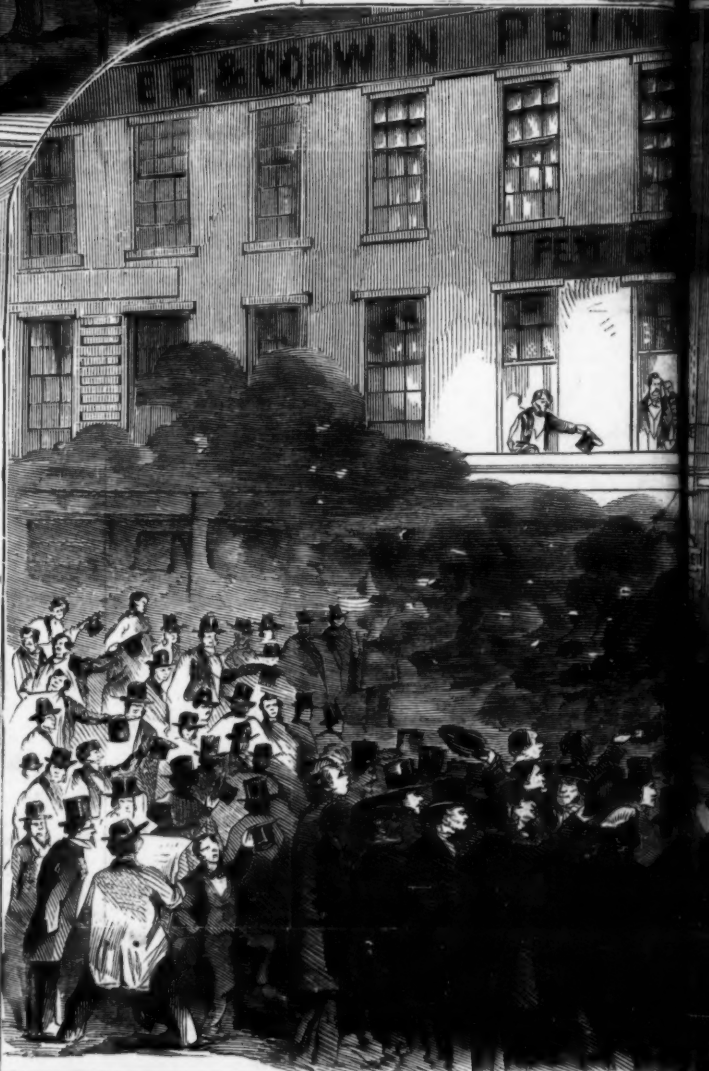
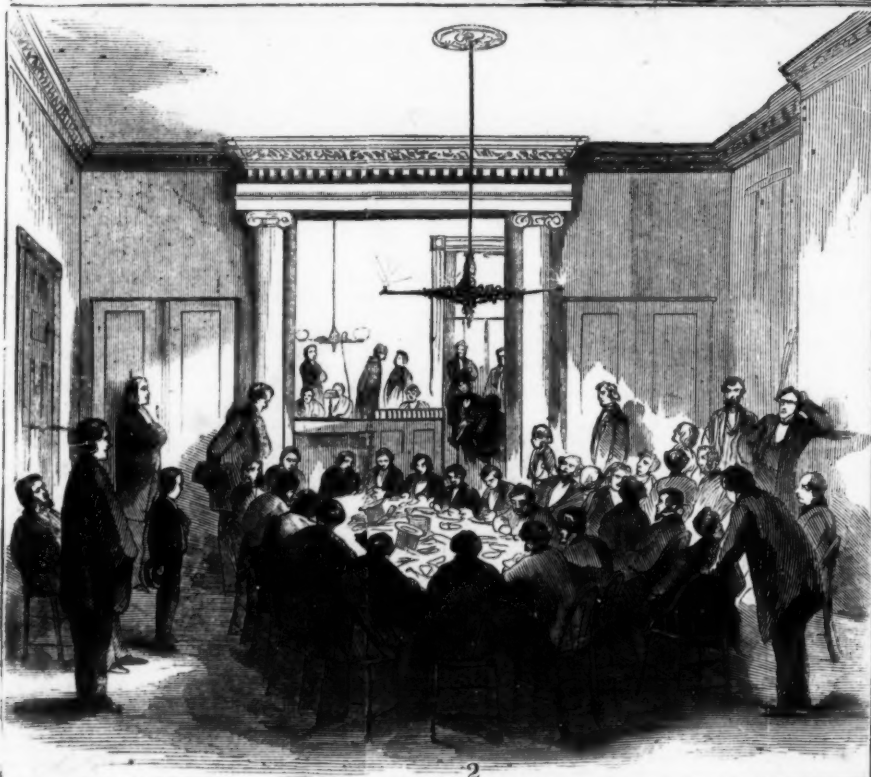
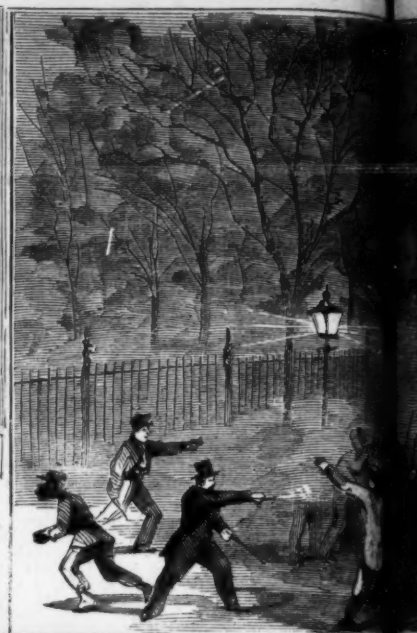
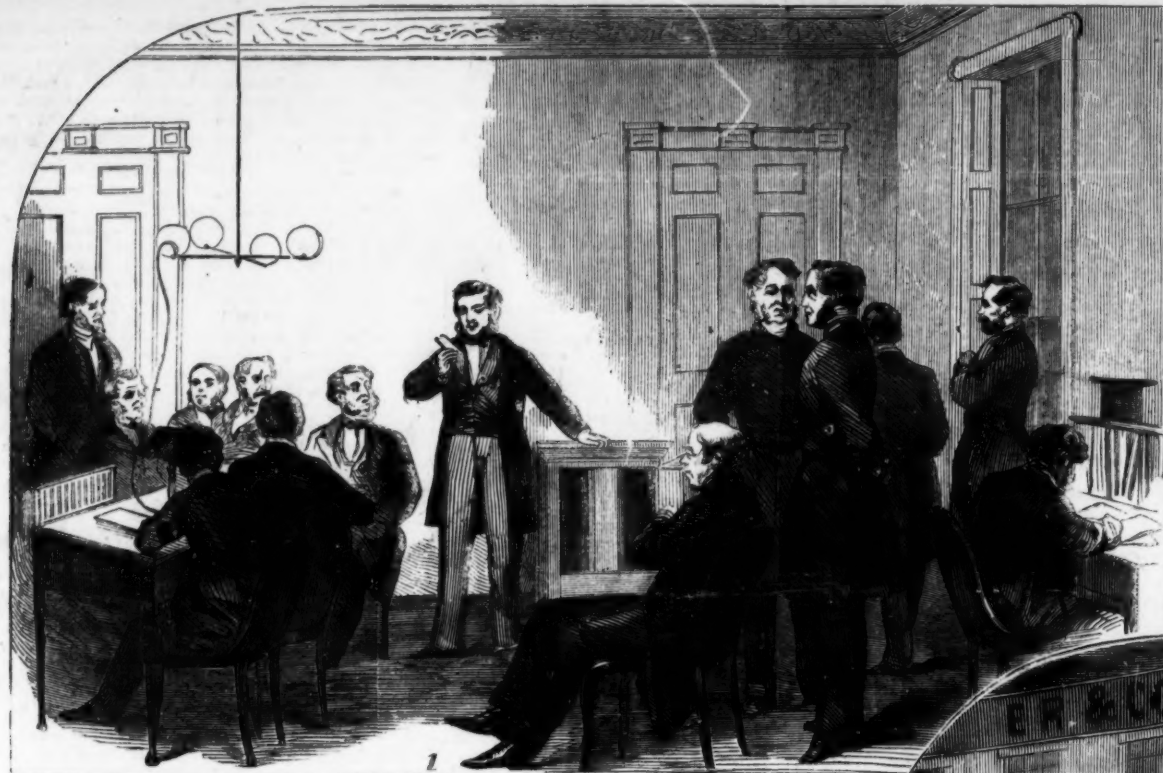
The Republican Headquarters.

This grand citadel of Republican strength in New York is situated in Broadway, opposite the Democratic New York Hotel, into the very windows of which it almost pokes a banner and at times a lantern-baring Republican majorities. On election night its placarded and Lincoln-por-traited hall was crowded by a multitude whose devotion to Havanas was truly remarkable. Much busy murmuring of politics was there until the well-known form of Simeon Draper mounted the platform.

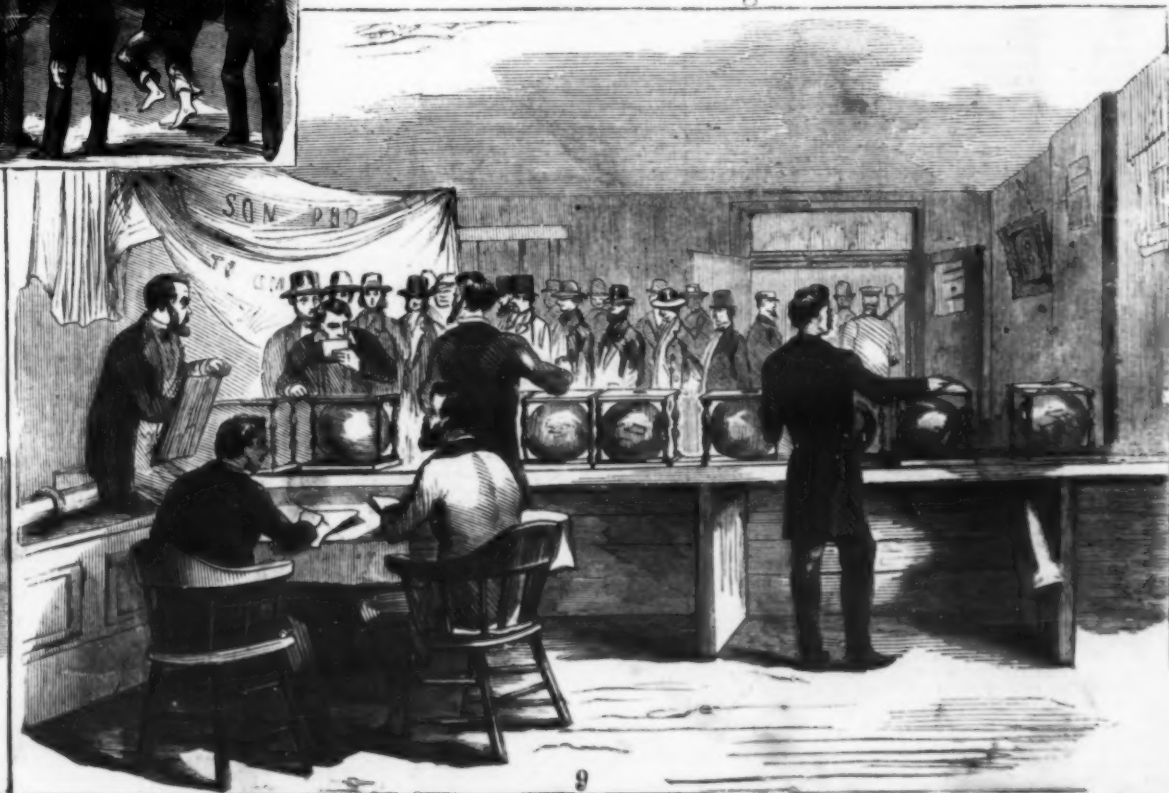
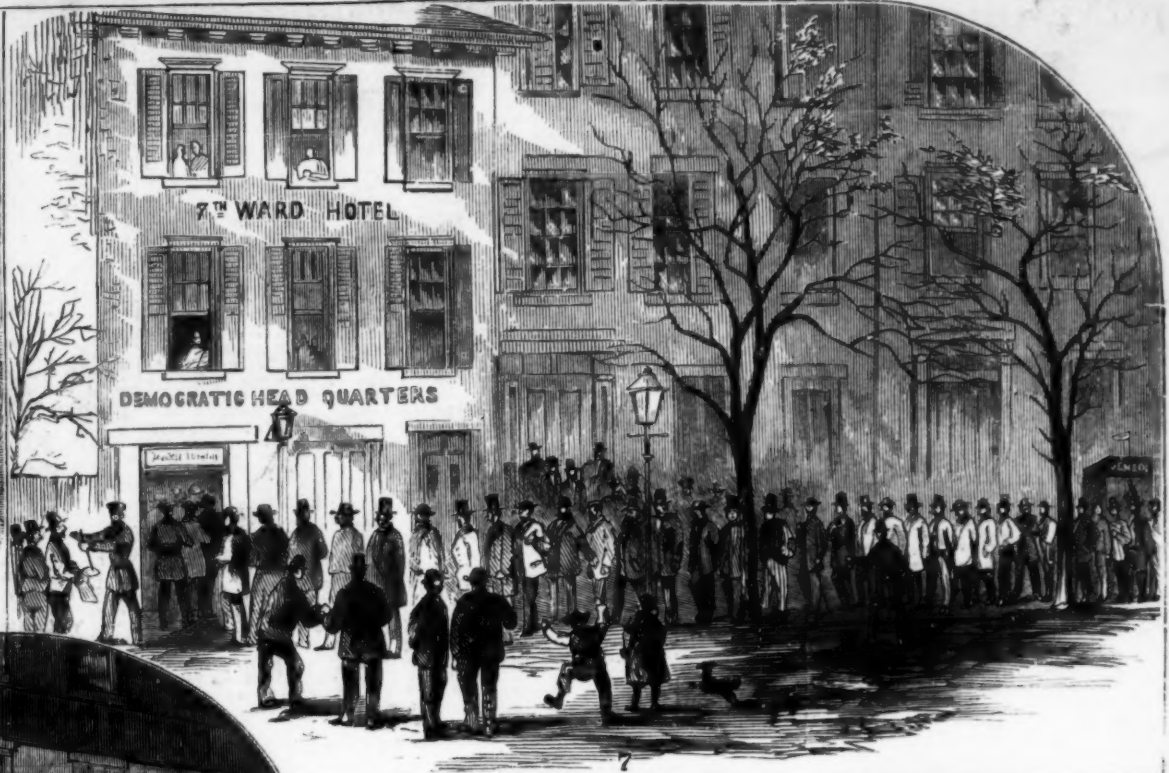
It cannot be denied that during the earlier part of the evening the Republicans were remarkably blue, and Mr. Draper was decidedly disconcerted when asked for information. The room was now crowded to its utmost extent, and Mr. Draper appeared to be making inquiries from those around him. As the crowd was waiting for some announcement, he said: "The last telegraph despatch I have is from the interior. They say that if the Fusionists do not beat us in the city by more than a hundred thousand we have got the State by considerable." This joke was received with great good humor. Previous and present majorities were then compared. The spirits of those assembled drooped, however, as some of the Democratic majorities came in, to be marvellously revived, however, by more favorable returns. Lieutenant Noble, of Wisconsin, was called out for a speech, on which he delivered one which was most decidedly witty and wicked, provoking shouts of laughter by stories and allusions, which were as "good" in one sense as bad in another. The returns from the Second, Sixth and Fourteenth Wards again cast a gloom over the meeting, which was dissipated by Draper's pointing out the fact that these indicated Republican gains. The Fourth Ward caused more wincing, again removed by more favorable reports. It was not until late in the evening that Simeon Draper removed all doubt by these words: "In every ward heard from we more than hold our own, as compared with the estimate published in the Evening Post, giving twenty-five thousand majority to the Fusionists in this city. If we hold our own throughout the city in accordance with this calculation, Abraham Lincoln, a gentleman out here in Illinois, is beyond all question, the President of the United States." (Loud cheers and cries of "Bully for you.")

It is remarkable that at the Bell and Everett headquarters it was insisted on that there was a Fusion majority of forty-five thousand, long after both Democrats and Republicans had agreed that it would be about twenty-five thousand.

THE ALEXANDRIA (Va.) Gazette says: "The present order taken by Governor Letcher of a note addressed to him from Cincinnati—said to be from the Union person who informed Secretary Floyd of the John Brown raid some time before it occurred—is most timely; another part of to-day's Gazette, Governor Letcher wishes this city in connection with this information, and it was his advice that the military of this city last week received their orders to be ready for efficient service whenever called upon. It is needless to say that no apprehension whatever in existence and of any movement of the military interference, and the advice of the Governor was only to make 'assurance doubly sure.'"



1. Headquarters of the Police; the Superintendent receiving the Returns from the Various Districts.—2. Reporters' Room in same building; making up the Returns for the Morning Papers.—3. Police Station House; a large gathering of men in a hall.—4. A large crowd of people gathered outside a building.—5. A man being taken to the Station House by his "feelings".—6. Taking a Voter overcome by his "feelings" to the Station House.—7. How they Voted in the Seventh Ward.—8. An Incident in the Election.



ers.—3. Police... Election Returns coming in by Telegraph.—4. A Wide-Awake Procession attacked by Rowdies, opposite the Astor House.—5. The Tribune Office on the Night of the 6th; "How has the City gone?"
 care that his Friend, Tim Maloney, Votes Early.—9. Interior of a Polling-Booth; Arrangements for Receiving and Depositing Votes.
 IN NOV. 6TH, 1860.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR CORPS OF ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 405.

PINEGROVE HALL; OR, THE WHITE LADY OF THE SWAMP. A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

By M. Dana Shindler.

CHAPTER X.

It was that morning's paper which Louis had purchased in the city, and which he had not time to read. The article which attracted his notice ran in these words:

"A desperate fight took place yesterday in Rosetti's drinking-saloon, which will probably result in the death of one, and perhaps both of the combatants. A gentlemanly-looking fellow, calling himself Louis Leverage, and a low scoundrel of the name of Smith, got into a dispute over a game of cards. Pistols were drawn and fired before the bystanders could interfere. Leverage is desperately, most probably mortally wounded and the other is seriously hurt. Leverage has been in a state of delirium ever since the occurrence; but from what has escaped him there is reason to believe that he was concerned in the extensive robberies lately perpetrated in the surrounding country. It is said that he has just married a young lady of high respectability."

"That is news indeed," exclaimed Edward, as Charles finished reading the article. "We must go immediately to town, Charles, and find out what we can. The money he took is probably gone for ever; but I should like to have some clue to the recovery of our family plate. It takes time to get rid of such articles, and they are probably secreted somewhere. Poor Claudine Boudo! Her romantic dreams have changed into a sad reality."

"Yes," replied Charles, "I pity the girl from my heart. But her vain mother is most to be pitied. Claudine had fine traits of character and might have made a good woman with proper training. She was more like Tom than the others and Tom loved her more than all the rest. Yes, we must go; I would give almost any price to recover my mother's watch."

Just as this moment Tom Boudo galloped into the yard. Quick as lightning he flung himself from the horse, sprang up the steps, and entered the room where the three gentlemen had been conversing. He too held in his hand the morning's paper. Pale as death, with his lips firmly pressed together, he approached Edward.

"Can I see you alone?" said he, for he had started back when he observed the stranger.

"Certainly," replied Charles, "but there is no need. This gentleman is the real Louis Leverage, and the other an impostor."

"Then," said Tom, shaking the hand of Louis, and gazing mournfully into his honest face, "I can tell my errand. I am going to the city, to see after poor Claudine, and I came for you, Ned, to go with me. Will you go?"

"We are all going," was the reply. They were twenty-five miles from the city, and the day was well spent, but they were soon seated in the carriage which had brought Louis from town. Fresh horses were dispatched ahead, and they reached the city in a surprisingly short time.

They drove immediately to Rosetti's for information. The wounded man had been conveyed to a neighboring boarding-house of the most common description. There a sad sight met their eyes. In a filthy room, on a rickety bedstead, his head wrapped in blood-stained bandages, making the ghastliness of his face more terrible by contrast, lay the once elegant young man. By his side sat Claudine, cold and motionless, gazing on him with a stony stare.

She started when she saw her brother, but did not rise to meet him. With a yearning look of deep affection he held out his arms towards her, and then she rose up, tottered forward, fell into his arms, and they could soon hear that she was sobbing violently. Those were the first tears that she had shed.

The commotion aroused the sick man, who was apparently near his end. Slowly and languidly he turned his eyes on the four young men, but when he saw the real Louis he started, and a faint gleam came into his fast-glazing eyes. He tried to reach forth his hand towards him, but was too weak for the effort, but Louis approached the bed and bent down over him.

"Well, Mason," said he, in a low tone, "I am sorry for this. What can we do for you?"

The sick man tried to shake his head as if to say it was too late for human aid; he was too far gone for even that but he murmured something in return. Claudine sprang to the bed when she heard his voice, and they all pressed eagerly round to try to catch his dying words. The attending physician arrived just then, administered a cordial, and then he tried again to speak. But his articulation was so far gone that it was almost impossible to catch a word, and his agonized efforts to make himself understood were painful to witness. Claudine bent low and listened.

"The swamp," said she. "Did you say the swamp?"

Febly and slowly he bowed his head.

"He has raved about somebody in the swamp," whispered the doctor to Tom.

"What is there in the swamp?" inquired Claudine.

"She—she—die—starve!" and he shook his head in despair.

"The White Lady!" whispered Charles to Edward.

Tom Boudo now came forward, and gently lifted his sister away, for he saw that the sick man was almost gone. Then, leaning over him, he said, in a low, yet perfectly distinct tone,

"If there is any one in the swamp we will search it as soon as we return. Is it a woman?"

He seemed to try to reply in the affirmative.

"Make yourself easy about that," said Tom, in the most gentle and sympathetic tone of voice, "we'll not rest till we find her."

The sick man opened wide his eyes, gave Tom a look of earnest gratitude, a slight shudder passed over his frame, and—he was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

GONE to his dread account! Let us leave him with the all merciful Father. Man judges from appearances, but God is a righteous judge. He knows the end from the beginning, and the beginning from the end. He knows what opportunities all have had, what temptations, what trials. Perhaps that poor fellow, cut off in the midst of his life, will fare better hereafter than many a man who holds a high station in the world, or even—I tremble to write it—in the church. The tares and wheat are to grow together till the harvest. God will do all things well.

Poor Mason was dead and buried, and the young creature whom he had ruined was in a raging fever. What was to be done? Poor Tom was at his wife's end. To have her sick in a hotel or boarding-house, with none but hirelings around her, he could not think of, and well he knew the hardness of his mother's heart. She open her doors to the daughter who had profited so little by her teachings as to throw herself away on a mere adventurer! She open her arms to receive the poor, crushed, disgraced woman, though that woman were her own child! He knew she would not think of it. In this dilemma came friendship to his aid.

"Put her in the carriage, Tom, and take her to Pinegrove Hall," said Edward. "You are not in a condition to attend on her, and Lucy, you know, is a capital nurse."

Tom looked steadfastly at Edward, and his large blue eyes were swimming in tears.

"I cannot expect it of your sister Ned," said he.

"No more of that, Tom," said Edward. "Lucy would never forgive me if poor Miss Claudine were to suffer for want of attention. Come, we have no time to lose."

So the poor, stricken sufferer was carried to Pinegrove Hall and Lucy received her with the utmost tenderness. Day and night did she and Laura Ford take turns in watching her; while her fashionable, worldly friends, taking their cue from the hard-hearted mother, either kept away entirely, or called to inquire of her state with a haughty, supercilious smile upon their lips. The "Miss George Martiners" were too much afraid of losing the friendship of Lucy and Laura to say much upon the subject, and so they contented themselves with calling sometimes at the door and sending in a message of inquiry. And yet they had aided and abetted the foolish girl in accomplishing her unfortunate downfall!

The proud mother sat at home in her loneliness; for Tom never left the house into which his sister had been received. She had disabused her school upon her daughter's marriage, and this was the only sign she gave of being moved by it at all. In all other respects she appeared the same, swept into church, rustling her silks and

satins as before, and kept her stony eyes fastened upon her prayer-book, while pride and anger rankled in her bosom. A close observer might occasionally have detected a slight twitching about the muscles of her face, but that was all.

Meantime there was a grand hunt going on in the swamp. For this and the young men in the neighborhood turned out, led by Edward and Charles, who were great favorites with all, and who had pledged themselves to the task.

The swamp was an extensive one, and some parts of it were almost impassable, from the nature of the ground, the quantity of water and the tremendous thickness of the undergrowth. But they pressed through all obstacles and overcame them. Dividing the swamp into portions they scoured it faithfully, and were finally rewarded.

CHAPTER XII.

EDWARD and Charles, accompanied by old Tom, were the successful party. One day, after a long, fatiguing morning, they had halted to rest in a cool, dark spot, a little inlet, as it were, in the midst of the waters of the swamp or savannah. On a rising ground were clustered together several large cypress trees, forming an almost impenetrable shade. Their frugal dinner, put up for convenience sake in the smallest possible compass, had been spread out on the clean grass, and looked inviting enough to men who had been riding so fast and so far. There was no lack of appetite. A moment's pause—they were saying their silent grace—and then they fell to eating with a zest that was delightful to behold.

While Edward and Charles, much to the delight of old Tom, were enjoying the viands so nicely cooked by his wife, Tom started to his feet with a sudden exclamation:

"Hark! Marse Edward! Marse Charles! hark! Listen, my dear, beloved marsters!"

The gentlemen both sprang in an instant to their feet, and caught up their guns, which were leaning against the nearest tree. But, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, they turned inquiringly to Tom. He was standing with his head bent forward, in a listening attitude, and he deprecated, by a gesture, the interrogations in which he saw they were about to indulge. So they all kept silence for awhile.

At length old Tom began: "My dear, blessed marsters, I heard the distant crying of an infant baby just now, sure as you're born! That I did!"

"Heard a baby cry?" exclaimed Edward; "oh, nonsense, daddy Tom, I didn't hear anything!"

"That may be, too, Marse Ned," said Tom; "but I heard it for all that! Sure as you're born, I heard a weak sort of a little sufferin' cry somewhars. Hark! Great Marster above! Thar 'tis again!"

They stood perfectly still and listened attentively; and, sure enough, they did hear something which sounded like the feeble wail of a child. What could it be? They were, as I said before on a little inlet in the swamp, surrounded by water, through which they had been obliged to wade at the only spot that appeared to be fordable. But the sound, so far as they could judge, was in an opposite direction.

Across the water, in the direction of the sound, they saw a thick undergrowth which indicated land, but it seemed impenetrable to the approach of man or beast. Not only was there between them a wide expanse of dark and slimy water, but the tangled vines of huge proportions, interlocking each other in every direction, seemed absolutely to forbid an approach to those mysterious solitudes. Approach it they must, however, somehow or other.

Fastening their horses securely to the trees, they proceeded to construct three small rafts to convey them across the water. Plenty of logs were lying around, and they had brought ropes for just such an emergency. It was necessary to have small and separate rafts, for the cypress "knees," protruding from the water in all directions, rendered the navigation of the swamp extremely difficult.

Each man was soon upon his raft, guiding his simple craft with a pole, and threading his way with a dexterity known only to those who from their boyhood had been accustomed to explore those dark and mysterious places in search of game. They soon arrived at land, if land it might be called which was one mass of unchecked and luxuriant vegetation. It seemed impossible to penetrate the thicket. They tried one point after another, and for a long time without success, and were just about to give up in despair, concluding also that they must have been mistaken in the direction of the sound they had heard or perhaps even in the sound itself, when old Tom exclaimed that he had found a spot where he thought they might enter.

"But no human woman can be hid away in thar, Marse Ned," said Tom.

"I think not myself, daddy Tom," said Edward; "but as we've taken the trouble to get this far I think we had better explore further."

"By all means, marster; I'm of that same opinion too: God knows what mysteriousness may be going on in this here out of the way place," said Tom.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Charles, who had been poking about among the tangled vines, "if there isn't a cabin! Look, Ned; look, Tom."

"Where?" inquired Edward, applying his eyes to the opening which Charles had made by holding apart, with both hands, the leaves and tendrils of an evergreen vine, matted together into what seemed a solid mass.

"Look beyond that old white stump," said Charles, "a little to the right of it. Do you see it?"

"I see something," answered Edward; "but I can't exactly make it out. You know I am a little near-sighted."

"Let me examine the place, marster," said Tom; "I've got real nigger eyes; niggers can see a heap further than white folks. Now then," he continued, as his master made way for him, "make good use of your peepers, old feller! 'Con if marster's near-sighted you ain't, no how."

Tom silently explored the wild-looking spot, and soon exclaimed, "Yes, my blessed marster, thar 's a cabin, in fact; I can just see the corner of it—two or three logs of it. But good gracious, Marse Charles, your eyes must be better than most white people has!"

"Come, Tom," said his master, "you must not be so vain; white people can have keen eyes as well as you. Well, now, the next thing is to cut our way to the cabin, and see what we can find there."

Tom's knife and hatchet were out in an instant, and, begging the two gentlemen to stand aside, he went vigorously to work upon the living wall of evergreen and soon had an ample passage cleared. But their progress was arrested at almost every step, and they had literally to cut their way to the spot where the cabin stood.

They reached it at length. It was a most desolated affair, almost a ruin; and, as they approached it at the back part, no sign of life met their eyes. They reached the front and found the door ajar. All was quiet as the grave, and, as if awed by some mysterious influence, not one of the exploring party spoke a word. Charles was the first to push open the door and to enter. But he started back at the sight which met his eyes.

CHAPTER XIII.

CROUCHED in one corner of the miserable hut was a woman, emaciated and pale, with the exception of one bright hectic spot upon each cheek. Her eyes gleamed with an unnatural fire, and her long black hair fell in disheveled masses over her well-turned shoulders. At her feet, on a little pallet, lay a sleeping infant.

She turned upon the intruders a scowl of defiance, and half rose to her feet, bending over the child and stretching forth her arms as if to protect it from harm. As the two young men approached her, there was something in her countenance which arrested their footsteps, and they stood irresolute, scarcely knowing how to soothe her.

At length Edward spoke.

"We are your friends," said he, in a kind and soothing tone of voice; "will you not get up with us and let us take care of you?"

She made no reply, but, still keeping her fiery black eyes fixed upon the intruders, she lifted the child from its bed, pressed it to her bosom, and sank back into the corner as if exhausted.

The two young men sat down upon an old bench which stood near the door, and began to consult together as to what had best be done.

"Probably she understands no English," said Edward. "Lizzy told Lucy that the woman who came to Pinegrove couldn't speak a word of English, and that this is the woman there cannot be a doubt."

"No doubt on that point, of course," replied Charles; "but how full of mystery the whole thing is! Why did he bring that poor creature here at all?"

In the meantime Tom's eyes, of which he had so much boasted,

had not been idle. Standing stock-still behind the bench on which the two gentlemen sat, he peered into this corner and into that, now fastening his gaze under an old table, and now upon the smoky mantelpiece.

At length he gave vent to his feelings in sundry subdued sounds, expressive partly of surprise and partly of delight. Both of the young men turned on him at the same moment an inquiring gaze.

"Bless th' great Marster!" he exclaimed, in a loud whisper.

"What for, T. m?"

"For restoring our family silver, Marse Edward!" said Tom, solemnly.

"Silver! I don't see any."

"Ah, Marse Ned, on ain't got my eyes, that thar's a fact," said Tom. "Look yonder, and yonder, and yonder!" he continued, pointing in three different directions. "Can't you see the shine of 'em? Bless th' great Marster!"

Their eyes followed the directions in which he pointed, and they were soon convinced that Tom's eyes had not deceived him, but that they were in truth remarkably searching eyes. Edward rose, went to a hanging shelf and took down several articles which he saw there, keeping one eye meanwhile upon the poor woman in the corner, that he might observe how she was affected by his movements.

But she gave no heed to him, and was now gazing down upon her infant, who was awake and taking its natural food. Every now and then she murmured, in a foreign tongue, some words, which, from their tone of fondness, were the sweet outpourings of a mother's love. It was only when they approached the corner in which she sat that her countenance changed, and she scowled upon them and held the infant closer to her breast, as if she feared they would take it from her.

Seeing her thus passive, they began in reality to search the cabin. Their search was well rewarded, for they found not only the watch, about the loss of which Charles had been so troubled, but all the Pinegrove plate. The money taken from Edward's bureau was, of course, not forthcoming.

"How does the poor creature live, I wonder?" said Charles; "I don't see any food here."

"There are some dry crusts of bread on the table," said Edward; "but she looks nearly starved for all that. Probably Mason wanted to return and to see her. He could hardly be devil enough to leave her and her child to die by inches."

At the sound of his name she started to her feet and uttered a few hurried words, which, from their tone, they supposed to be a question. The young men looked at her compassionately, and shook their heads in token of their inability to give her any information. They might have told her by signs the tale of his death, but they had not the heart to do it, and, in fact, they wished to keep her as quiet as possible till they could devise some plan for her removal.

Finding that her question was unanswered, the poor creature uttered a sound between a scream and a sob, sank back again into her corner, and with low moanings rocked herself to and fro.

CHAPTER XIV.

THEY left the cabin that they might deliberate more freely. But first they resolved to explore the place and see if they could not find some easy mode of access to it. From the very cabin door, running devils down a slight declivity, they perceived a little path; this they determined to follow.

It led, as they supposed, to the water, for the cabin stood on one of the islets with which the swamp abounded. There, moored in a little thicket, and quite hidden from sight, they found a good canoe, and just at that spot the waters of the swamp looked like a peaceful lake, without the unsightly cypress "knees" which abounded elsewhere. It was decided that Tom should be left at the cabin for that night, and that one of the young men should return to the spot where they had left their horses, while the other should take the canoe and get to Pinegrove Hall the best way he could. This was resolved upon that they might be able to bring assistance as soon as possible in the morning, and they concluded that this side of the islet was probably not far from the main land.

When Tom understood the arrangement he looked very solemn indeed.

"Marse Ned," said he, in a very hesitating way, "don't you think—that is, don't you reckon that thar White Lady can—can—"

"Can what, T. m? Out with it, man!"

"Can stay thar by herself just one more night?"

"Oh fie, Tom!" exclaimed his master. "You are not afraid, are you?"

"Not recally that thar, marster," said Tom. "But she looks so kind o' unnatural like—she don't seem like a human. And then, marster, she might die on my hands."

"Your ideas are rather confused, Tom," said his master. "If she isn't human she won't die—but if you are afraid, we'll make some other arrangement."

"I don't like to confess that I am afraid, marster," said Tom, "but I believe I sort-of-a am. But please, my dear marster," he whispered, "don't go for to tell Prie."

"No, I won't tell her," replied Edward laughing, "for if I did we'd none of us ever hear the last of it. But since you are afraid, Tom, Charles or I will stay with the poor woman. Shall I stay, Charles?"

"Just as you think best, Ned."

"Well, let me stay, then, and you go back to Pinegrove. Tell Lucy to send what is needful; we'll try to get the poor creature away from this place. Come back as soon as you can in the morning, and be sure to bring Louis with you; I think it is Spanish this woman speaks, and he understands that language thoroughly. Mason probably brought the poor forlorn creature from Havana; or, perhaps, like a true woman, she followed the man she loved."

CHAPTER XV.

CHARLES and Tom were soon on their way to Pinegrove Hall. Left thus alone, Edward sat for awhile on the green sward near the water, and indulged himself in a profound, though not very pleasing reverie. The singular events of the last few months passed in review before him. The deep solitude around him, the wild strange scenery, the tangled undergrowth, the dense shadows cast by the giant trees, the black-looking water spread out before him, all lent their sombre influence to his thoughts, which finally settled down upon the poor lone creature in the cabin. "What must she not have suffered!" thought he. "How many hours of utter loneliness must she not have spent, a prey to the most torturing suspense, to the terrible agony of hope deferred! Young and beautiful, betrayed and forsaken!"

But he heard the baby cry, and he hastened to the cabin. He reached it, however, he saw the woman coming out of the door, the baby in her arms. She tottered as she walked. On seeing him she started, and cast a hurried glance around, as if looking for protection, or for a spot to which to flee; then she looked into his face with a searching stare. He was standing stock-still. She seemed to find something soothing in his countenance, for her manner grew less wild; and, though as she passed him she clasped her baby tighter to her bosom, she did not seem much afraid.

He stood and watched her, with infinite pity stirring at his heart. Slowly and with difficulty she tottered along the little path toward the water. A terrible thought struck Edward, and he hastened after her; but when she heard him coming she turned round and faced him with such a frightened, mad-like look, that, fearing for the consequences of anything he might attempt to do, he once more stood perfectly still. Again she gazed at him long and searchingly; then, apparently satisfied, she once more turned and approached the water, while Edward, though thinking it best to remain perfectly still, held himself in readiness for any sudden emergency.

She went straightway to the spot where the canoe was tied, turning round, so that she could watch every movement that might be made by Edward, she laid her baby in the boat and began slowly to untie it.

Edward was at a loss what to do. The poor creature, evidently on the verge of insanity, if not already hopelessly insane, might at any moment plunge into the water. In her state of physical prostration he trembled for the consequences of such an act, even though she should not remain a moment in the water.

Cautionally he began to creep towards her, stopping short whenever she raised her eyes to gaze upon him. She soon became aware that the distance between them was lessening, and, with a hurried movement, and the same wild, frightened look he had several times observed, she fumbled at the rope, which obstinately resisted her efforts. A sudden thought struck her, and, going to the stake over which the noose of the rope had been thrown, she stooped down,

lifted it over the top, and, with a laugh of triumph, sprang into the boat.

Edward was there in an instant. She must not escape him thus. He had pushed off from shore when she sprang into the boat, but the rope still floated almost within reach. By the aid of a pole Edward seized it, and began slowly to pull the boat towards him. When an unearthly shriek palsied his hand, and he dropped the rope, though he regained it in a moment.

Her large black eyes were fixed upon him with a fiery glare, and she clasped her infant to her breast, and gathered herself together as if about to spring into the water. While he remained perfectly quiet, she would appear to be somewhat reassured by the pitying expression of his noble countenance, but the moment she discovered the slightest pull upon the rope she was all on fire again, and seemed as ready as ever to spring into the peaceful bosom of the water.

(To be continued.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It would seem as though the election had so occupied the mental and physical energies of our citizens, that it had caused a great diminution in the police reports.

A New York printer, named Pisco, who had once worked on the New York Tribune, was lately engaged by the Charleston Mercury, and proceeded there to settle. As he was walking one evening he fell into conversation with two men, to whom he unwittingly mentioned the fact of his having once worked on the Tribune. He was immediately arrested and locked up in prison, and although the proprietors of the Charleston Mercury offered to be responsible for his roundness on the goose question, he was ordered to leave the State on penalty of having a flogging. He, consequently, had to sacrifice his employment and return to the North. It is such foolishness as these that have elected Abraham Lincoln.

The Hon. Henry L. McKee, while conversing with Ex-Governor King in his house, at Jamaica, on the evening of the 6th, was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy and immediately expired. Political excitement is supposed to have been the cause. He was much esteemed by his neighbors.

The "Saints," on the 6th of October, opened the Semi-Annual Conference, which lasted two days, and was attended by the most prominent members of the Church. On the second day, Elder Orson Hyde delivered a lengthy discourse, and gave his views on the present political condition of the United States. He predicted that the Union would be dissolved, that the negroes would be let loose upon their master, that the South would be compelled to call in the aid of Great Britain, who, in turn, would be compelled to call in aid from some other quarter, and concluded by prophesying a great and terrible day of wrath for this country for their injustice to the Mormons. The Conference was the largest ever held in the city, some 13,000 persons having attended it.

FERA BRANARD was hung on the 25th at the Three Rivers, Canada West. His crime was matricide. There is little doubt but that the poor wretch was insane. He died very hard.

The cashier of the Boone County Bank has been arrested, with several others, charged with forgery, and circulating counterfeit money. It is supposed that these parties have circulated from \$300,000 to \$500,000 in counterfeit bills of the Boone County Bank in Indiana, Iowa, Illinois and Missouri. \$45,000 in genuine notes are from the same plate, while the Auditor's and Register's names are counterfeited on the former. A. Spooner, President of the Bank, made his escape. About \$100,000 of this counterfeit have been received by the bankers from correspondents in the West.

FALCONER, the street preacher, was arrested again last Sunday, for preaching in the open air, but as the arrest was made on a Sunday, and as the offence is only a misdemeanor, Judge Welsh dismissed the complaint.

On the 3d November, an aged lady, Mrs. Feathersgill, fell from the window of her house, corner of Forty-third street and Eleventh avenue, and was killed on the spot.

On Saturday, the most persistent and violent rain storm that has visited us for years came upon New York. The rain was a perfect deluge, and the river steamers remained at anchor till the following morning. Business was entirely suspended, and the streets were washed clean.

A man named J. H. Hult was brought before Recorder Tilden the other day charged with attempting to kidnap a young girl in the employ of Mr. Chazotte, merchant, in Montgomery street, Jersey City. An investigation of the facts showed that the accused was endeavoring to get the girl to leave Mr. Chazotte's employ, in order, as he alleged, to get larger wages in New York. The prisoner was discharged on promise of vacating the State. Recorder Tilden should not have let the fellow off so easily. There is no offence graver than the seduction of innocence, although it is not considered so by the sterner sex.

QUITS A STR was created in Winona, Minn., a few days ago, by the elopement of a young married woman with a couple of strangers. She was not living happily with her husband, and happening to meet these strangers at her mother's, where she was staying over night, she concluded to go off with them, and go the did, carrying with her a large quantity of wearing apparel and numerous articles of domestic utility, which she thought she might need. As soon as he was in need of the fact, her husband started after the two, and overtook the party at La Crosse, Wis., induced his faithless wife to return home, and had one of the young men arrested on a charge of attempting to get a supper at a restaurant without paying for it. The best of the joke is, that while the husband was at the police-station complaining against the young man, his wife eloped with the other, and has hitherto escaped detection! Truly the ways of women are wonderful!

It is very customary to hear a Philadelphian, whose intellect is certainly not the most expansive in the world, declare that there are no crimes in that rectangular city to mention; yet it is not possible to open one of their papers but it abounds in them. On Saturday last the First Ward was the scene of two murders, one committed by a man named Sullivan upon another Irishman named Camac. They had, it appears, quarrelled of some standing, and meeting on that day, a fight was the result, in which Camac was killed. The same afternoon a brutal murder was committed in a tavern, corner of Second and James's street. Noah Mick and Wm. Golcher had been in the tavern several hours. While there, politics, wrestling and treating were discussed, and the parties got greatly excited. Finally, Golcher proposed to whip Mick, both parties being very much intoxicated. Mick seemed inclined to quarrel, and contented himself with declaring that he knew Golcher had a spite against him. Thus they continued with the war of words until Golcher knocked Mick down, and then kicked him about the face, neck and head until he was dead. So soon as he discovered that his opponent was no more, Golcher fled, and up to a late hour the police had not succeeded in effecting his arrest. Mick, the deceased, leaves a wife and two children. Both the deceased and Golcher were engaged in trucking.

THE San Francisco correspondent of the New York World, under date of October 17th, writes: "The gallant Col. F. W. Lander, of overland wagon road expedition celebrity, has just been joined in the hands of wedlock with the distinguished and favored actress, Miss Jane M. Davyport. The Rev. Thomas Starr King officiated at the ceremony, which took place in this city on Saturday evening last, Oct. 13th. The happy couple started immediately on an overland expedition to San Jose, to pass the honeymoon at one of the delightful retreats in that valley. It is understood that Mrs. Lander will retire from the stage immediately upon the completion of her present engagements on the Atlantic side. It seems that the attachment between the Colonel and Miss Davyport was a mutual one. From the statements of those who seem to be well posted on the subject, it appears that the lady is 'well to do' in a worldly sense. Her fortune is estimated at from \$75,000 to \$100,000." We may say with the poet, "after life's fitful fever she would well."

THE Washington Star gives a very graphic account of the freshest in the Potomac. The water rose three feet above high water, and great fears were entertained that the damage would be very extensive. No lives were lost.

A mass meeting was held in Hoboken on the 6th November at the City Hotel, which was attended by the leading Democrats of that picturesque little city. Edwin A. Stevens was in the chair, supported by T. Dunn Little, Gov. Morton, and other influential inhabitants. Gov. Walker (Kansas case) then addressed the meeting in a very argumentative manner, accompanied by the advice to vote the Union Ticket. How well Jersey did it we all know.

A BRIGALD was killed the other night at Newburyport by a policeman. He was attempting to break into a house. He was a mutino. He died as he was being conveyed to the station-house, the shot having penetrated his heart.

An English paper says: "The other day, a member of the constabulary force, named Horan, stationed at Crosshaven, eloped with the daughter of a farmer from that neighborhood, and the happy pair are probably by this time on the high seas bound for New York. The officer did not think it necessary to advertise the Inspector-general of the ship which he has taken. The lady also provided herself with the expenses of the flight, to the amount of £20, her father's property, without his knowledge."

While we are quoting English foibles, let us give the following from the Hampshire Chronicle: "Considerable consternation has been caused in the Camp at Aldershot by the issuing of the following memorandum, by order of Lieutenant-General Penninefather, the General Commanding: 'Mem.—The Lieutenant-General wishes that general officers commanding brigades at their half-yearly inspection will direct their particular attention to the length of the whiskers of the officers and men. The Lieutenant-General has observed that some officers of the division have whiskers of most unusual size and length. By order, J. W. Armstrong, Assistant Adjutant-General.' This would apply to the canbiers of some New York Publishers. Still, how absurd of our English constabulary!"

THE City Hall, on the 7th, was the scene of a most disgraceful fracas. A man named Byrnes, who holds some city office, violently abused Mr. Callahan, who has recently been elected Assemblyman. These two ornaments of our municipal institutions meeting, a fight took place, to the great detriment of the consanguineous roughs of that fire-branded building, in the course of which an innocent bystander received the compliment of a black eye. Mr. Byrnes should, we think, receive some mark of pugilistic distinction.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

To Correspondents.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

THE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.—This affair was brought to a happy conclusion on Wednesday, October 31, and resulted in Kavanagh winning the first prize and Tienan the second. The score of the games stood, at the conclusion of the contest, Kavanagh, four; Tienan, three; Lynch, two; White, one; Geary, none.

The only game of the afternoon, and concluding one of the tournament proper, was played on Wednesday afternoon by Messrs. Tienan and Kavanagh. The programme was slightly varied on this occasion by Messrs. Lynch and Geary, who were to play the first of the two concluding games, resuming all pretensions to the prize, and allowing Kavanagh and Tienan to finish the contest with a game of 1,000 points, instead of the usual 500. This was the exciting game of the tournament, and the spectators, numbering some eight hundred, in their anxiety to see, mounted the adjacent tables, clinging to the banisters of the stairway, and invested every available point where half a night could be had. Kavanagh won the lead, from which Tienan failed to count. Kavanagh also led in the next shot, when Tienan commenced with a run of 55, followed by his antagonist with precisely the same number.

Tienan gradually crept ahead, until, at the sixteenth inning, the score was—Tienan, 436; Kavanagh, 196; a difference of 240 points in favor of Omelet. Things were looking blue for New York, but about this time a "change came over the spirit of the game." On the twenty-first innings, Kavanagh, by a run of 95, placed the score—Tienan, 458; Kavanagh, 329. On the twenty-second inning, Kavanagh ran 142, reducing the odds to 60 points. This odds he overcame on the twenty-ninth play by a run of 115, placing himself 81 points in advance; following his last run with a still better one of 144 points, he made the score—Kavanagh, 668; Tienan, 659; placing himself 209 points in advance, thus in fourteen innings gaining 349 points!

From this point Kavanagh increased his lead slightly, until, on the thirty-fourth innings, game was called, the score being—Kavanagh, 1,000; Tienan, 746; New York winning by 254 points. The applause at the conclusion was deafening, and the congratulations to the victor were of the kind he will always remember. Tienan bore his defeat with extreme good nature, and said that had he won the prize over such playing as Kavanagh's, he would have considered it the proudest trophy of his billiard career.

Thus ended the tournament proper. But on the succeeding afternoon, or rather evening, Mr. Phelan, according to previous announcement, played a complimentary game with Mr. Kavanagh, he winner of the first prize.

There were present on the occasion about three hundred ladies, with a proper sprinkling of the sterner sex, and at half-past five o'clock the game commenced. The "pretext" of "pretext" naturally attracted, or, perhaps, attracted the attention of the players, and the first part of the game was slow, but soon the spirit of rivalry asserted its sway, and after about an hour and a half's play, Mr. Phelan was declared winner by 60 points in a game of 750.

Mr. Phelan is much out of practice, but an examination of the runs will show that his steadiness had not deserted him. The principal runs are as follows: For Kavanagh, 49, 36, 148, 43, 67, 33; Phelan, 36, 61, 39, 35, 46, 75, 74, 60, 68, 51, 58.

On Friday afternoon the prizes were presented to the fortunate winners at Mr. Phelan's rooms, corner of Tenth street. Mr. Wilkes was selected to make the awards, and a select party being assembled, he, addressing Mr. Kavanagh, spoke as follows:

"Sir—It is my pleasant duty to present to you, on behalf of the gentlemen, who have instituted the tournament in which you have excelled, this beautiful testimonial of the skill and superiority you have exhibited in your profession."

"You will find it no unworthy or inadequate reward. Though simple in its shape, it bears a value which cannot be measured by the ordinary rules of cost, for it records a merit that places you at the head of honorable rivalry, and confers upon you, to a fair extent, the position of a champion."

"I need say nothing here in the way of historical allusion to dignify the Art at which you have achieved your victory. It is of ancient origin, and the good and great of every age have thought it not unworthy to be patronized by them as a family institution. Philosophers and moralists: have made it their pastime, and the private billiard-table of our own virtuous Washington stands upon its legs to-day, among the curiosities of the nation, a vindication, through him, of the beautiful, moral, as well as physical influences of the game. Even he, our noble, our heroic, our great, our glorious, our immortal George, who has treasured this prize as among the most graceful triumphs of his life. But, sir, you have nearer and more immediate examples to inspire you with a due appreciation of this token, and you will find it doubly deserving of acceptance, because of the honorable hands from which it may be said to have descended into yours. The superiority it represents has been long and worthily borne by your preceptor, Michael Phelan, and not of the many by which he acquired his professional position became he more than has the method which he has selected to this post on, covered by him, and should suggest that the skill which was equal to the acquisition could lose no fraction from the highest reputation. On the contrary, the possession of this almost magic cue of M. Berger should inspire fresh exertions, and bring you to the next year's tournament, seeking the highest honors with redoubled confidence and ardor. Sufficient, however, is your credit now. A homely maxim tells us that when two antagonists contend but one can win, and the fortune of war must leave the best of us contented sometimes with a second place. Best in this, however, while in possession of this trophy, that the tournament of which it was one of the rewards was instituted upon the joint auspices of the distinguished billiard champions of France and the United States, and that he who is capable of earning in such noble lists the reward and applause of either of them, has everything to be proud of and nothing to regret."

"You may, therefore, bear away with you to your distant home the wand of the champion of France, and in taking it as yours, you can justly recognize it as worthy of your efforts, and not unworthy of being garnered among the other honorable trophies of the West."

Considerable applause followed the conclusion of those remarks, which having subsided, Mr. Wilkes turned next to the Champion of Cincinnati: "To you, sir," said Mr. W., "I have the pleasure of handing the second reward for merit exhibited in the recent tournament. It is of a character like the first, but can hardly be raised to the level of a secondary prize, for it is the work of a great master, and should suggest that the skill which was equal to the acquisition could lose no fraction from the highest reputation. On the contrary, the possession of this almost magic cue of M. Berger should inspire fresh exertions, and bring you to the next year's tournament, seeking the highest honors with redoubled confidence and ardor. Sufficient, however, is your credit now. A homely maxim tells us that when two antagonists contend but one can win, and the fortune of war must leave the best of us contented sometimes with a second place. Best in this, however, while in possession of this trophy, that the tournament of which it was one of the rewards was instituted upon the joint auspices of the distinguished billiard champions of France and the United States, and that he who is capable of earning in such noble lists the reward and applause of either of them, has everything to be proud of and nothing to regret."

"You may, therefore, bear away with you to your distant home the wand of the champion of France, and in taking it as yours, you can justly recognize it as worthy of your efforts, and not unworthy of being garnered among the other honorable trophies of the West."

The following replies were then read by Mr. Kavanagh, first for himself and next for the players of the game, in acknowledgment of the kindness of Messrs. Phelan & Colander, in furnishing the room for the play. Mr. Tienan followed Mr. Kavanagh in a few modest words, and after a further presentation of a twenty dollar gold piece, which had been subscribed, as a reward to the intelligent lad who had marked the champion games, the audience adjourned.

REPLY OF MR. MICHAEL KAVANAGH.

Mr. Wilkes.—In receiving this cue from your hands, it is necessary that I should return you my thanks, as the person selected for the duty of delivering to me this valuable token, and also that I should prefer similar thanks to those gentlemen whose gift it is, and who have done so much for billiards (Messrs. Phelan & Colander), to my competitors, and to those other persons who cheered me with their presence on the occasion of the recent tournament, and of which this is to me, at least—a most pleasing reminiscence. In accepting this beautiful and valuable souvenir, allow me, gentlemen, to express the wish that the beautiful game of billiards, for which at an early age I imbibed an affection, may become more and more popular, and receive a fresh impetus from the recent friendly meeting, which I shall always revert to as one of the most pleasant reminiscences of the past. In conclusion, gentlemen, allow me to say, I thank you—sincerely thank you, and permit me to add the following:

"We, the undersigned, competitors in the late billiard tournament, cannot separate without expressing to Messrs. Phelan & Colander our full appreciation of their liberality in tendering to them our heartfelt thanks for their kindness and courtesy in allowing us to use one of a splendid room and one of their unrivaled tables, and to Mr. Phelan, personally, we pledge our united endeavors to add him in rendering the noble game of billiards, what it is fast becoming, the best and most popular amusement of the age."

"D. KAVANAGH,
"PHIL. TIENAN,
"JAS. N. WHITE,
"M. GEARY,
"JAS. LYNCH."

TIENAN'S REPLY.

"Sir—I am not given to speechmaking, and can only say, in reply to your kind words, that I am very proud to be the recipient of even the second prize of this tournament. I shall always look upon this cue as a trophy, and shall use my best endeavors at the tournament next year to take with me the first prize."

Mr. Phelan, being called upon for a speech, said, "Gentlemen, I am entirely unprepared to make a speech, not expecting to be called upon. I can only say that the manner in which the recent tournament has passed off has afforded me great satisfaction, and to all these gentlemen who honored the exhibition with their presence, as well as to those who now bear me, I return my sincere thanks."

Some gentleman proposing a speech from "the poorest player in the tournament," Mr. Geary took it upon himself to reply, which he did by saying that, like the Irish man in the play, what he ought to say required "a dose of mighty nice consideration." If he had only been fortunate enough to have taken one of the prizes, he would have had nerve enough to make a speech. Under existing circumstances, he would respectfully take a back seat.

THE BILLIARD SENSATION.—The whole affair, probably, did not leave a disappointment upon a single mind, except, perhaps, that nearly all who were present during the entire play could not but feel a natural regret that the elegant play of Mr. Lynch did not meet with some practical reward. He received, however, full compensation from the silent approbation of the audience, and the general impression was that, had his health not been so feeble, he would have proved a most formidable competitor for the first honors of the occasion.—*William's Spirit of the Times.*

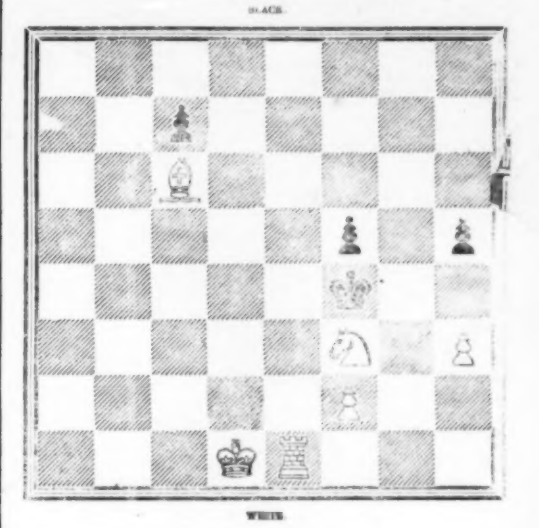
M. BERGER is now giving afternoon exhibitions for ladies at Lynch's Room, Union square (the same place where the recent tournament was held). These exhibitions are very select, gentlemen accompanied by ladies only being admitted.

The crowded state of this column for this week prevents us giving any diagrams. Next week, however, some very interesting ones will be presented.

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Priests, Office of Home Life Insurance Co., 16 Wall St., N. Y.

PROBLEM NO. 272.—By C. P. J., Kalamazoo, Mich. White to play and checkmate in three moves.



To Correspondents.—We wish to call the attention of correspondents to the alteration of our address as recorded at the head of the Chess article. We shall be happy to see any and all of our Chess friends and correspondents at any hour during the day, from nine until four o'clock, at 16 Wall street, office of the Home Life Insurance Company, whenever they may find it convenient to call. In future all communications should be addressed as above.—W. J. G., Boston, Mass. Have received yours with inclosure for "Morphy's Games."—H. F. Please write or call as above.

CHESS TOURNAMENT.—The lists are now open for the third free Chess Tournament, at the Morphy Chess Rooms, corner of Broadway and Fourth street. First prize, large size portrait of Paul Morphy, by Gurney. Second prize, "Stannett's Chess Praxis." All players are invited to join this trial of skill without charge. Play to commence November 10th.

GAME IN THE TOURNAMENT OF THE ST. JAMES'S CLUB, BETWEEN MESSRS. F. DEACON AND BURTON.

| WHITE. Mr. B. | BLACK. Mr. D. | WHITE. Mr. B. | BLACK. Mr. D. |
|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1 P to K4 | P to K4 | 34 Q to Q2 | K to K2 |
| 2 P to Q4 | B to K3 | 35 Q to Q3 | P to K3 |
| 3 P to Q4 | P to K3 | 36 R to Q3 | K to K3 |
| 4 P to K4 | K to K2 | 37 B to K3 | R to K3 |
| 5 K to K3 | P to Q4 | 38 Q to Q2 | K to K2 |
| 6 P to Q5 | P to Q6 | 39 Q to Q6 | R to Bsq |
| 7 K to Q3 | R to K3 (ch) | 40 B to K3 | K to K1 |
| 8 P to B3 | P to K4 | 41 Q to K5 | K to Q2 |
| 9 P to K5 | P to K5 | 42 Q to Q3 | Q to B7 (ch) |
| 10 P to Q6 | P to K5 | 43 R to Q3 | K to K3 |
| 11 K to K5 | K to K3 | 44 Q to Q4 | K to K4 |
| 12 B to K3 | P to Q3 | 45 B to K3 | R to K3 |
| 13 P to K4 | Q to K3 | 46 B to K3 | R to Q2 |
| 14 Q to Q4 | B to Q2 | 47 P to R6 | R to R3 |
| 15 K to B3 | Q to Q3 | 48 Q to R6 | K to B3 |
| 16 K to B2 | K to K3 | 49 P to K4 | K to B3 |
| 17 B to K2 | B to Q3 | 50 B to Q3 | P to K3 (ch) |
| 18 K to Q3 | K to Q3 | 51 R to K3 | P to K3 |
| 19 Q to Q3 | K to K3 | 52 B to K3 | K to K3 |
| 20 P to K3 | Q to Q3 | 53 Q to K3 | K to K3 |
| 21 Q to Q3 | K to K3 | 54 Q to Q3 | K to K3 |
| 22 Q to Q3 | K to K3 | 55 Q to Q3 | K to K3 |
| 23 P to K3 | K to K3 | 56 Q to Q3 | K to K3 |
| 24 Q to Q3 | K to K3 | 57 B to K3 | K to K3 |
| 25 K to Q3 | K to K3 | 58 Q to Q3 | K to K3 |
| 26 Q to Q3 | K to K3 | 59 K to K3 | K to K3 |
| 27 Q to Q3 | K to K3 | 60 K to K3 | K to K3 |
| 28 K to K3 | K to K3 | 61 K to K3 | K to K3 |
| 29 K to K3 | K to K3 | 62 K to K3 | K to K3 |
| 30 Q to Q3 | P to Q3 | 63 K to K3 | K to K3 |
| 31 Q to Q3 | K to K3 | 64 K to K3 | K to K3 |
| 32 K to K3 | K to K3 | 65 K to K3 | K to K3 |
| 33 K to Q3 | Q to Q3 | 66 K to K3 | K to K3 |

(a) This is the first step of a very carefully conceived combination, which insures the gain of another pawn.

(b) Intending to play K to K3, then R to Q3, and afterwards Q to K3, winning the Q's P. Curiously enough, although the process appears roundabout and tardy, R to Q3 is thoroughly effective, and cannot possibly be prevented without some loss to White.

(c) With the view of getting the K to Q's 5.

(d) Black here announced that he must win by force.

(e) Better have gone to R2 but even then Black wins immediately, e.g.:

62 K to R2 Q to K3 (ch) 65 Q to K3 K to K3

63 K to R3 Q to K3 (ch) 66 K to K3 K to K3

64 K to R4 Q to K3 (ch) and wins.—Eva.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

PROBLEM NO. 250.—R to Q3 (ch); B covers; R to K3; R to B3 (best); P to K3 (Knight ch); R to K3; R to R4; B to R6 (best); Q to B6 (ch); B to Q2; R to Q4 (ch); B interposes; P to K3; P to R4; P to Q4; P moves; P to K3 (best); P to K3; R to B3; P to R6; P to B2; R to K3 mate.

PROBLEM NO. 250.—K to K6; B4; K moves; P to R4; K moves; K to B6; anything; B mates.

PROBLEM NO. 261.—1 K to K3 calls Kt, discovering ch; K to Q4; Kt to K3 mate.

PROBLEM NO. 261.—Q to K3 (ch); R to K3; B interposes; P to K3 (Queen); R to K3; K to Q4 mate; variations.

PROBLEM NO. 262.—K to K3 (ch); P to Q4; K to K3 (ch); K to K3; P to K3; anything; B to K3 mate.

PROBLEM NO. 264.—R to K3; K moves; K to Q6; P moves; K to K5; K to K3; K to Q3, mate.

PROBLEM NO. 265.—Pawn becomes a Bishop; K moves; P to A4, mates.

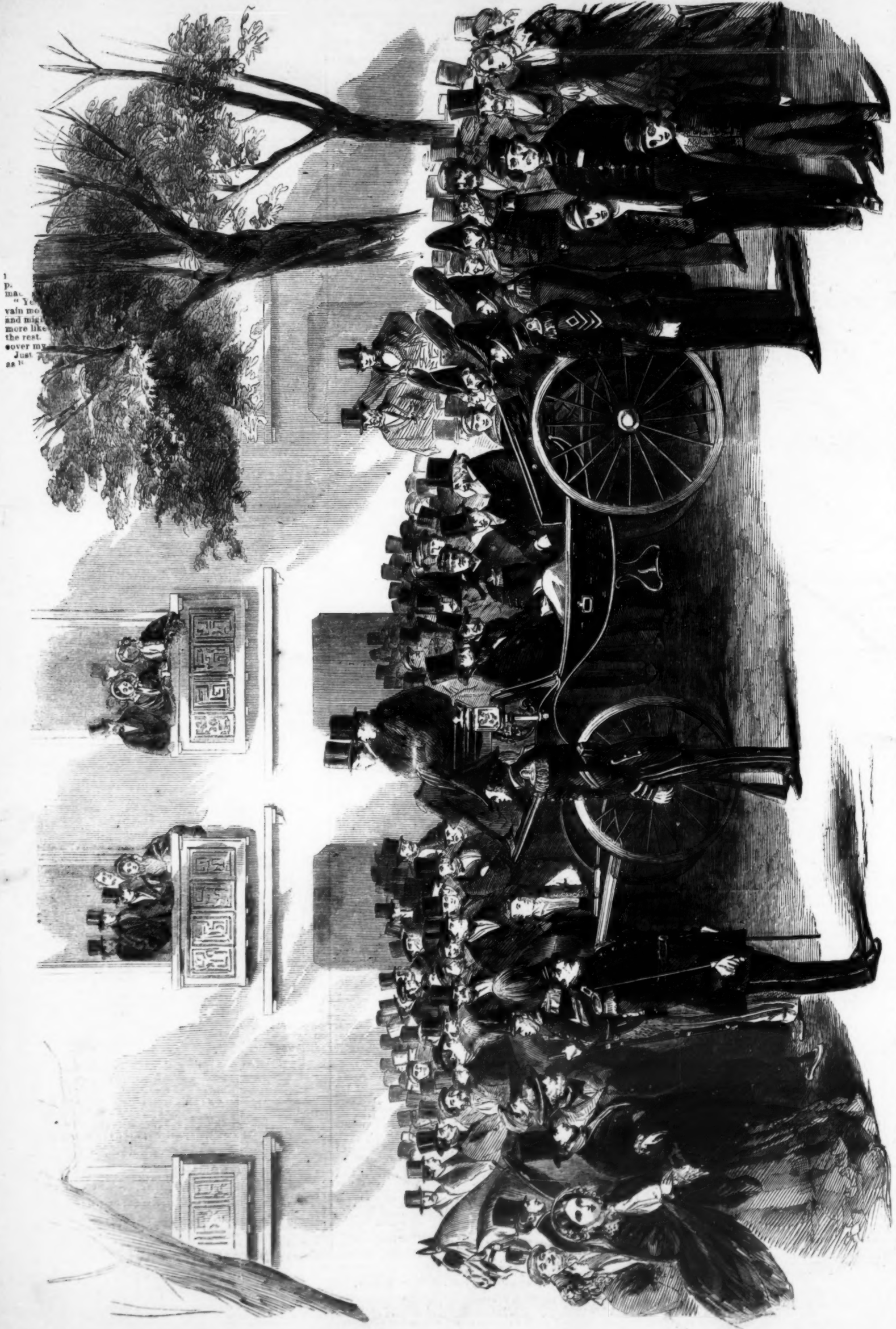
PROBLEM NO. 266.—K to K3; moves to K3 (best); discovered check; K to K3; moves; Queen mates.

PROBLEM NO. 267.—K to K3; K moves; P to Q6; K moves; P to Q7; K moves; P to Q8 (eating Q); K moves; Q to Q3, checkmate.

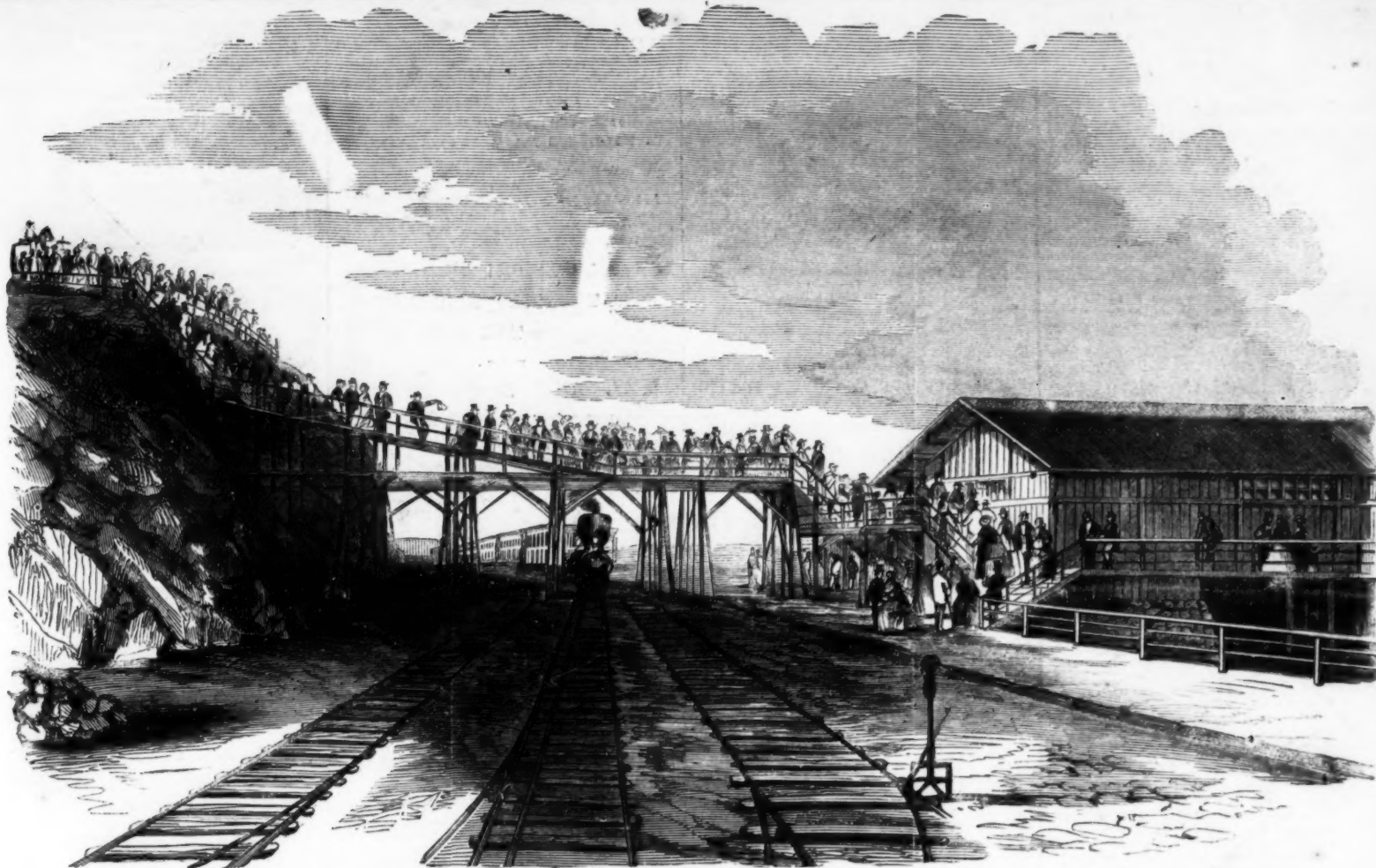
PROBLEM NO. 268.—R to K3 (ch); K moves; Q to K3; B to K3 (ch); K to K3; variations.

PROBLEM NO. 269.—B to Q3; P to Q5; K to Q3; P to K3; R to K3.

The immense number of mutilated bodies found floating in the river is becoming quite a feature in our news. On the 6th, two bodies of a man with numerous wounds on his head and face was found at the foot of Jay street. It has not been identified. It is said that many men have been murdered on board the ships in the harbor, and then thrown into the river.



THE PRINCE OF WALES, LORD LYONS AND DUKE OF NEWCASTLE WITH MAYOR HOWARD, PASSING THROUGH PORTLAND, ME., IN THE MAYOR'S CARRIAGE, TO THE GREAT EASTERN DOCK, TO EMBARK FOR ENGLAND, ESCORTED BY THE VOLUNTEER TROOPS OF MAINE, OCTOBER 23, 1880.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BUSHAM BROS., PORTLAND, ME.



THE VICTORIA DOCK, AT PORTLAND, ME., ORIGINALLY ERECTED FOR THE GREAT EASTERN STEAMSHIP, AS IT APPEARED A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN PORTLAND.

The last days of the Prince of Wales in this country cannot but be of decided interest to all. We give a few of the closing sketches of his tour which ended at Portland, Maine. Although it was known that he was merely to pass from the railroad depot to the Great Eastern dock, from whence he would immediately embark, notwithstanding this fact, his reception was most cordial and enthusiastic. At the depot he was loudly cheered, and was received by Mayor Howard, the members of the City Council and a large number of Canadian and British officers.

The Prince rode in the Mayor's barouche, with the Mayor, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Lyons, the royal suite following in five other carriages. They were escorted by the First Regiment, under command of Colonel Smeat, consisting of the following companies: Portland Mechanic Blues, Portland Light Infantry, Portland Light Guard, Portland Rifle Guard, and the Portland Rifle Corps, which latter acted as body guard, and by the Nor-

way Light Infantry, Lewiston Light Infantry, and the Auburn Artillery, with several bands of music.

The National flag and the flag of England were displayed from the public buildings, and towering high in the air they waved in union from the gallery of the Observatory. The whole scene was one of absorbing interest, and was animated and brilliant. The smart breezes made the waters of the harbor full of motion; numberless steamers and barges were moving about, the regular squadron with yards manned, their broadsides belching a royal salute, the shouting crowd on the dock, and finally the Prince and suite waving their adieux from the Royal barge, completed a scene of excitement and interest but rarely witnessed in the good city of Portland.

RESIDENCE OF THE HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

The simple home of this American Statesman, and President

Elect of the United States, is situated on the corner of Eighth and Edward streets, and here he has resided twenty years out of the three and twenty he has been a dweller in Springfield. It stands on a sort of platform of brickwork, and is two stories high, having two windows on each side of the door and five on the upper story. The side view shows that it has an extension and side entrance, with a receding stoop running the whole length of the extension. In the rear are the stables and barn. The edifice is painted of a pale chocolate color, and the window blinds are of deep green. The roof extends a little over the edges, like that of a Swiss cottage. The rooms are elegantly and comfortably furnished with strong, well-made furniture, made for use and not for show. On the front door is a black door plate, on which, in silvered Roman characters, is inscribed the magical name,

"A. LINCOLN."

Here dwells the great exponent of Republicanism and the victor of Stephen A. Douglas in 1858. It has no ornaments, no



THE OBSERVATORY AND SQUARE IN PORTLAND, ME., AS THEY APPEARED ON THE DAY OF THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION.

Awful Revelations!

DELIGHTFUL DETAILS.

Expose in the Highest Circles!

LUSCIOUS! SPICY RACY!

GET OUT YOUR SPOONS!

GO IT!

DEMOCRACY DONE FOR!

FUSION CONFOUNDED!

OLD ABE NOWHERE!

OR ANY OTHER MAN!

**Frank Leslie's
BUDGET OF FUN,**

NOV. 15,

Positively and unequivocally removes the dilapidated linen from the shrubbery of all rivalry and tops the lightning rods.

It actually contains that world-renowned picture of the

SMOTHERING OF THE DEMOCRATIC PRINCES.

It really has a frightful editorial on Excitement, calculated to banish slumber for weeks from the pillow of the quietest conscience.

It cannot be denied that it has a Foreign Correspondence full of delightful scandal and outrageous personalities, rolled up in a vein of stupendous drollery.

Political Cut o' Democracy.
The well who piked up the Cigar Stump.
The Lady who was Kissed on the Roof.
How nobles got a College Education.
The Beers and the Old Lady.
The Dirty Little snob (Pom)
People who didn't see.
The Comic demon.
Negro Comic-ditties.
Scenes of the Campaign.
Voting for a Pretty Miss.
The Peanut Trade (a tall article)
And the Great Pictures out on the Renfrew Ball.

**THE ANTEDILUVIAN BALL OF THE FOS-
HUS OF SOCIETY, OR THE HALT, THE
LAME AND THE SUPERANNUATED
DOING HONOR TO THE
POOR YOUNG PRINCE.**

And finally,

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST!!

A Couple who were present at the Renfrew Ball. A Sensation Pic.

Read the Following

FROM the well-known Captain of the Steamer Fulton:

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 3, 1850.
DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell.—Sir—I am urged by my wife to report to you a cure your Sarsaparilla has made in our family, and as it is the only way in which we can make any acknowledgment of our gratification, I will proceed to state. My little son, eleven years old, has had Scrofula sore on his ear, neck and arms for five years. They were much of the time very distressing, and we feared they would kill him. At first a swelling would appear, then it would break and make a running sore, which would not heal. They became very loathsome and often painful; they stopped his growth and seemed to undermine his health, so that he became feeble and sickly. We tried Physicians and Medicines, but they did no good. A clergyman in our neighborhood who had seen some remarkable cures by your Cherry Pectoral, advised us to try your Sarsaparilla, and we did. The smallest sores showed symptoms of healing in about two weeks; in two more they had healed, and in two months the child was as well as any boy. He now enjoys perfect health, with no remnant of the disorder about him that we can discover. If you, sir, are a parent, you may well believe that we shall not soon forget you. Very truly, your humble servant,
JNO. W. BATES.
Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
255-50

The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid.

PUBLISHED for the benefit and as a warning to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying the means of self-cure. By one who cured himself, after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. Single copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, N. Y., by enclosing a postpaid addressed envelope. 255-57

MATRIMONY MADE EASY; Or, How to Win a Lover—Containing plain common sense directions, showing how all may be suitably married, irrespective of age, sex or position, whether prepossessing or otherwise. This is a new work, and the secret, when acted upon, secures a speedy and happy marriage to either sex. Mailed free for 25 cents in cash or postage stamps. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia Post Office Box 2300. 255-50

Two Works,

VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL.

Sent by mail, no copy expected until received, read and approved.
Address Dr. S. F. FISH, 714 Broadway, New York.
1st. Six L. CURESS on the Causes, Prevention and Cure of Lung, Bronchitis and other Diseases, and safe and Female complaints. On the mode of Preserving Health to a Hundred Years. 64 pages, 21 engravings. Price 50 cents, in silver or postage stamps.
2d. A work on Heart Issues, Palsy, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Dystentery, Cholera Infantum, Summer Diarrhoea of Children, Cholera and Cholera Morbus, Bilious Cholera, Costiveness, Puerperia, Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Yellow Fever, and the diseases of elderly and old people, with Medical Prescriptions for nine of these diseases. The Prescriptions alone worth \$500.

Why we grow Old and what Cures Disease.
166 pages, 6 engravings. Price 50 cents. Say which Book you will have, giving Name, State, County and Post Office. 255-51

The Grover & Baker

NOISELESS

FAMILY SEWING MACHINE

Is rapidly superseding all others for family use. The Double Lock System formed by this Machine is found to be the only one which survives the wash-tub on bias seams, and, therefore, the only one permanently valuable for Family Sewing.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONY:

"Mrs. JEFFERSON DAVIS, presents her compliments to Grover & Baker, and takes pleasure in saying that she has used one of their Machines for two years, and finds it still in good order, making a beautiful stitch, and does easily work of any kind."—Washington, D. C.

"I take pleasure in saying that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and after four years' trial, have no fault to find."—J. H. Hammond, Senator, of South Carolina.

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—I. G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.

"The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine has performed fully equal to representation. My negro clothes were made with it last fall, and again this spring; and the clothes for winter are now being made with it. The coarsest kerseys, lawns, muslins, &c., were used for the clothes. It has been used on many fine articles, such as calicoes, &c., for family wear. I am perfectly satisfied with it, and would not be deprived of its use for three times the cost of it."—Hon. Judge McGuire, Monroe, La.

"On the recommendation of a friend I procured, some months since, one of your Family Sewing Machines. My family has been most successful in its use, from the start, with no trouble or difficulty whatever in its management. My wife says it is a 'family blessing,' and would not be induced to do one without its use in all of which I most heartily concur."—James Pollock, Esq., Governor of Pennsylvania.

OFFICES

495 Broadway, New York; 735 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; 249 King Street, Charleston; 11 Camp Street, New Orleans; 124 North Fourth Street, St. Louis; 55 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati; 171 Superior Street, Cleveland; 115 Lake Street, Chicago; and all the principal cities and towns in the United States. 0000

**HANDSOME WOMEN.
TO THE LADIES.**

HUNT'S "BLOOM OF ROSES," a rich and delicate color for the cheeks and lips, will not wash or rub off, and when once applied remains durable for years, mailed free in bottles for \$1.

HUNT'S "COURT TOILET POWDER" imparts a dazzling whiteness to the complexion, and is unlike anything else used for this purpose, mailed free for 50 cts.

HUNT'S "BRITISH BALM" removes Tan, Freckles, Stubborn and all eruptions of the skin; mailed free for 50 cts.

HUNT'S "IMPERIAL POMADE" for the Hair, strengthens and improves its growth, keeps it from falling off, and warranted to MAKE THE HAIR CURL; mailed free for \$1.

HUNT'S "PEARL BEAUFIER," for the Teeth and Gums, cleanses and whitens the Teeth, hardens the Gums, purifies the Breath effectually, PREVENTS THE TEETH AND PREVENTS TOOTHACHE; mailed free for \$1.

HUNT'S "BRIDAL WREATH PERFUME," a double extract of orange blossoms and coignac, mailed free for \$1. This exquisite Perfume was first used by the PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND, on her marriage. MESSRS. HUNT & CO. presented the Princess with an elegant case of Perfumery (in which all the above articles were included), in handsome cut glass with gold stoppers, valued at \$1,500, and the articles which appeared in the public prints. All the above articles sent by express for \$5. Cash can either accompany the order or be paid to the express agent on delivery of goods.

HUNT & CO., Perfumers to the Queen, Regent Street, London, and 707 San om St., Philadelphia The Trade supplied.

**Liquid and Extract Triesmer.**

THE genuine English preparations, purely vegetable, and pleasant to the taste, prepared by J. T. BRONSON, M. D., Holborn, London. LIQUID TRIESMER is guaranteed to effectually eradicate all traces of premature decay, Spermatorrhoea, &c., restoring the functions of either young or old with an astonishing permanency. EXTRACT TRIESMER is warranted to cure in every case for which mercury and calomel are used, infallibly eradicating all disease and impurities from the body. Price \$1 per Bottle or Six Bottles for \$5. Sent by Express to any part of the country. All orders must be addressed to DR. W. S. HOWELL, No. 149 Spring Street, New York City. 250-75

**FINKLE & LYON'S
SEWING MACHINES.**

Our Machines took the highest medal at the Fair of the American Institute, with the highest premium for Sewing Machine work.

They also took the highest premiums at the New Jersey State Fair, at the Mechanics' Fair, Utica, N. Y., the Frank Institute, and generally wherever exhibited.

Late office 558 Broadway.

CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.**Dr. Van Doren's Dyspepsia Antidote,**

A Sure and Certain Remedy

For Dyspepsia under whatever symptoms it may be developed. It will cure Headache, Indigestion, Feeling of weight at the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, pressure after Meals, Nausea, Heartburn, Pain in the Side or Back, Depression of Spirits, Torpor of the Liver or Bowels, and all diseases arising from a disordered Stomach.

This medicine strengthens and regulates the Bowels, gives tone and vigor to the Digestive Organs, without any of the debilitating effects generally produced by dyspepsia remedies.

It is composed of purely vegetable substances, and gives almost immediate relief. A few doses will satisfy the most violent cases of the curative qualities.

This is the new and untried remedy, but one compounded after years of investigation and experiment, by the late Dr. J. L. Van Doren, and used in his practice with great success, where all other remedies have been tried and failed.

As an appetizer it has no equal. It is no humbug, but a safe and reliable medicine, as has been proved in thousands of cases in New York and vicinity within the past two years.

Price—A single bottle, price \$1, or six bottles for \$5. Put up in quart bottles, price \$1, or six bottles for \$5.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by
ROBERTS & CO.,
255-70 263 Broadway, N. Y.



PIANOFORTES.

JOHN B. DUNHAM,

MANUFACTURER OF THE OVERSIGHT

Celebrated Dunham Pianofortes,

GRAND AND SQUARE.

MANUFACTORY AND SHOW ROOMS,

75 to 85 East Thirteenth Street, near Broadway, New York.

ESTABLISHED IN 1834.

Parties in the country wishing Instruments direct from the Factory, can be suited by describing by letter the quality of tone and touch desired.

Purchasers may rely upon the excellence of these instruments. They are warranted for Five years, and prices are moderate.

Bogle's Hair Dye and Wigs

ARE unapproached and unapproachable in their superior merits. Both are perfection. Try the one and see the other, and be convinced.

Private Rooms for Dyeing Hair and fitting Wigs at Bogle's Hairwork, Perfumery and Toilet Bazaar, No. 240 Washington St., Boston. Diagrams to measure the head sent by mail. Enclose postage stamp for reply. 000

Pianofortes.
A. H. GALE & CO.,
MANUFACTURER AND WAREHOUSE,
107 East Twelfth Street, N. Y.

Boar's Head Six Cord Spool Cotton.

ESTABLISHED 1783.

Superior to any ever imported in Strength, Smoothness and Elasticity, for MACHINE OR HAND SEWING.
On Spools of 200, 500 and 2,400 Yards, the length warranted.
G. CARVELL,
Sole Agent, 186 Fulton St.

The French Student's Monthly.

A MAGAZINE devoted to the use of Students of the French Language, and offering each month and at a small cost a continuous supply of new, interesting reading matter and practical exercises. To teachers who know what an impulse is ever given to a class by the introduction of a new text-book, and who are aware of the difficulty of keeping up for months the interest of students in the same old-fashioned text-book, we need scarcely point out the advantages of the Monthly, while to those compelled to study alone it will prove the only possible substitute for the lessons of an experienced teacher.

CONTENTS OF THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

1. Histoire Abrégée de la Littérature Française (written expressly for the French Monthly), by Prof. P. Moreau, late Instructor of the French Language to the Princes of Hohenzollern, of the Royal Family of Prussia. 2. Le Cousin Pierre, Proverbe en un Acte, par Emile Souvestre. 3. Poésie. 4. Hints on French Pronunciation (with exercises). 5. London As-urance, for Translation into French (with notes). 6. The Beginner's Department. 7. Mosaicque hebdo., &c. 8. Answers to Correspondents. 9. Key to Exercises (sent only to Teachers and Persons studying alone, on special application to the Publisher).

TERMS INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy for the whole Year (ten months) \$1 50. Schools and Classes, ordering six or more copies, \$1. A sample copy will be sent, postpaid, to any address upon receipt of 12 cents in stamps.
Address P. W. GARDNER, Editor, Chapman Hall, Boston.
Agent for New York, F. W. Christern, 753 Broadway.

AGENTS WANTED—In every city, town and country in the United States, by the old established house of GARDNER & Co. To persons out of employ we offer great inducements. For full particulars write immediately and receive our answer by return mail.

F. H. OSBORN & CO.,
No. 432 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Do You Want Luxurious Whiskers or Mustaches?

MY Ointment will cause them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without pain or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

A. G. GRAHAM, 108 Nassau Street, New York.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

CURES SCROFULA.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Erysipelas. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Chancres. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Nursing Sore Mouth. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Humors of the Eyes. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Scald Head. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Running of the Ears. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Venereal Sore Legs. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Venereal Ulcers. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Rheumatism. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Salt Rheum. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Syphilis. Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Bowels. Kennedy's Medical Discovery regulates the Kidneys. Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Dropsy. When you are sick, and do not know what the matter is, perhaps you have an inward humor. Try Kennedy's Medical Discovery. For sale by all Druggists.

CASSELL'S

Illustrated Family Bible,

Vol. 1, Price \$3 50,

by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, on receipt of the amount.

It is sold in every district throughout the Union to the amount above and other of Cassell's works.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN,

Park Row, New York.

Superior Pianofortes.

ERNEST GABLER, MANUFACTURER OF PIANOFORTES (with or without patent action), 120 East Twenty-second St., between Second and Third Aves., New York. Dealers and others are respectfully invited to call and examine my very superior instruments, made with full iron frame and war used equal to any in the market for strength and beauty of finish, sweetness and power of tone. My instruments are warranted for three years, and I guarantee to sell at lower prices than any respectable manufacturer in the city.
ERNEST GABLER,
120 East Twenty-second Street, New York.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND GYMNASIUM, YONKERS, N. Y.

Summer Session commenced on the 24 day of May.

TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$150 per Session. For Circulars and particular information, apply to
M. R. WISSEMAN, Secy.
Yonkers, N. Y.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.

NO medicine chest should be unprovided with these two curatives. They are more eminently adapted to the internal and external failings of the human organization than any two medicines that have yet been discovered. They both attack the seat of disease, and not only temporarily remove but permanently eradicate. Sold at the Manufactory, No. 50 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all Druggists, at 25 cts., 50 cts. and \$1 per box or pot.

A. LANGE,

PICTURE AND LOOKING-GLASS FRAMES

CORNICES FOR ROOMS,

MADE TO ORDER, AND REGILDING DONE.

206 William St., cor. Frankfort, New York.

A Card to the Ladies.

DR. RECAMIER, from Paris, respectfully informs the ladies that he still can be consulted at his office, 645 Broadway, above Bleeker St. Dr. Recamier's Imperial Pills will be sent to all parts of the country on receipt of \$1. Address Box 374, Post Office, New York. His Medicines never fail. Consultation gratis at 645 Broadway, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. 252-64

RARE OPPORTUNITY.

ISAAC HALE, Jr., & Co., Newburyport, Mass., will employ Males and Females to act as local or traveling Agents. These now in their employ average from \$30 to \$50 per month. We cannot, in this advertisement, particularize the business, but we will in a circular (free of cost), to all who address us upon the subject. This is a rare opportunity for those out of employment to obtain an honorable subsistence. 000

EDMONDS & CO'S

SUPERIOR

VORCESTER SAUCE,

Admitted to be the best, wholesomest and most appetizing sauce in use. Suitable for all kinds of Roast Meats, Gravies, Game, Fish, Soups, &c.

TRY IT.

Sample Bottles can be had at the Whole Sale Depot, 80 Nassau St., New York. 250-61

PHILADELPHIA BILLIARD TABLES
MANUFACTORY & WAREHOUSES
636-672 7th St. CROSBYS, NEW YORK

VALUABLE TO ALL WHO USE THE PEN OR PENCIL.—SHAYER'S PATENT ERASER AND BURNISHER, (Patent) SHAYER, &c., all rights combined in one small, tasteful form.

"It is a most ingenious contrivance, answering so many purposes entirely."—Independent.
"It gives a neatly finished point to the lead, without soiling the fingers in the least."—N. Y. Tribune.
"It is a very nice contrivance, and will be found useful in every writing desk."—Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., of Yale College.
For sale by all Stationers. Send for a Circular. 257-61

WOOD, EDDY & CO'S**LOTTERY**

AUTHORIZED BY THE STATES OF

DELAWARE, MISSOURI AND KENTUCKY

Draw daily, in public, under the supervision of the Commissioners.
The Managers' Offices are located at Wilmington, Delaware, and St. Louis, Missouri.

PRIZES VARY FROM**\$2 50 TO \$100,000!**

TICKETS FROM \$2 50 TO \$50.

Circulars giving full explanation of the Lottery, drawn will be sent, free of expense, by address.

WOOD, EDDY & CO., Wilmington, Delaware



THE RESIDENCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT ELECT, AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.—SEE PAGE 411

\$30 Wilcox & Gibbs' \$35 SEWING MACHINES, REMARKABLE FOR SIMPLICITY.

Manufactured with mathematical precision, hence are always in working order. Two hour's practice will enable any one to sew with ease and rapidity.

Office, 508 Broadway. 200-620

**WHITE'S
PATENT LEVER
TRUSS
AND
SUPPORTER**

A New Discovery
FOR THE
Retention and Radical Cure of Hernia, &c.

White's Patent Lever Truss.

This instrument, which is now offered to the public in this city, radically different in principle and action from all others in use, combining every valuable point in other Trusses, besides several points of the highest value never before attained. Among some of the advantages claimed for this instrument are these: It has a soft, pliant, metallic bow; graduating pressure power perfectly controllable; inward and upper action combined; no uncomfortable pressure on the back, and none on the spermatic cord; does not work out of place; perfectly clean; smallest, lightest, cheapest, most desirable, shows least, holds the rupture in every case, requires less than one-half the usual pressure, and is a radical cure. The ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS are on the same principle. Call and get a Truss. Pamphlets gratis. Elegant rooms have just been fitted up at No. 25 Bond St., New York, for the application of these celebrated instruments, both for Ladies and Gentlemen. The Ladies' department attended by a lady. The instruments are now offered at wholesale and retail by the Proprietors, GREGORY & CO., No. 25 Bond St., and by Messrs. D. S. Barnes & Co., Nos. 18 and 19 Park Row, Messrs. Schieffelin Brothers, No. 170 William St., and by all first-class drug houses.

**ESENWEIN'S
Tar and Wood Naphtha
PECTORAL**

Is the only certain cure for all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. From the cures that are constantly being made by the use of this TRULY VALUABLE REMEDY, it has been called the Wonder of the Age. It cures speedily and without fail Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs and Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsia, &c. This article is pleasant to the taste, and prompt in its effect. Be careful to ask for ESENWEIN'S TAR and WOOD NAPHTHA PECTORAL and take no other.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE

Prepared only by
Dr. A. ESENWEIN & CO.,
Druggists and Chemists,
N. W. corner of Ninth and Poplar Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

And sold by every respectable Druggist and dealer in Medicines throughout the United States and Canada.

Metropolitan Gift Book Store, Syracuse, N. Y.

Under-Garments for the Million, AT McLAUGHLIN'S Improved French Yoke Shirt Manufactory, 269 Greenwich St., corner of Murray, New York. 258-610

SHAWVER'S PATENT ERASER &c.—See advertisement next page. 257-610

Smith and Wesson's Seven-Shooter.



J. W. STORRS, Agent,

191 Chamber Street, N. Y.

THIS PISTOL is light, has great force, is sure fire, shoots accurately, can be left loaded any length of time without injury, is not liable to get out of order, is safe to carry. Every Pistol warranted.

CAUTION TO DEALERS.

Be sure and get those stamped "Smith & Wesson, Springfield, Mass." none others genuine. All cartridge revolvers that load at the breech are infringing. Suits are commenced, and all such infringers will be prosecuted. Be sure the cartridges have Smith & Wesson's signature on each end of the box. 247-720

Spalding's Prepared Glue!

ECONOMY!
Dispatch!
Save the Pieces!

Useful in every house for mending Furniture, Toys, Lockery, Glassware, &c.

Wholesale Depot, No. 48 Cedar Street, New York.

Address HENRY C. SPALDING & CO.,
Box No. 3,600, New York.

Put up for Dealers in cases containing four, eight and twelve dozen—a beautiful Lithograph Show-Card accompanies each package. 0000

"WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES are certainly unrivalled."— Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

Office, 505 Broadway, New York. 0000

The Singer Sewing Machines.

IN order to place the BEST FAMILY MACHINES IN THE WORLD within the reach of all, we have reduced our Letter A, OR TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE MACHINES, beautifully ornamented, to \$50.

Singer's No. 1 and 2 Standard Shuttle Machines, both of very general application and capacity, and popular both in the family and manufactory. Prices reduced, respectively from \$135 and \$150 to \$80 and \$100.

Singer's No. 3 Standard Shuttle Machine,

For Carriage-makers and heavy leather work. Price, complete, \$125.

Also, to complete the list, an

ENTIRELY NEW ARTICLE,

unequalled for manufacturing purposes; NICHOLS, RAY, and capable of every kind of work! Price (including iron stand and drawers), \$110—cheaper at that in view of its value than the machines of any other make as a gift. 0000 L. W. SINGER & CO., 438 Broadway

THE ELECTROTYPING OF LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is done by FLETCHER & CO., 17 South Street.

JOY TO THE WORLD. Clothes Washed in One Minute by Johnson's Union Washing Machine.

Patented April 10,
1860.

Price
\$8
TO
\$10.



A CHILD CAN OPERATE IT. Washes every spot. Sure and certain, without soaking or boiling. Call and see it in operation at 457 Broadway, New York, and 312 Fulton St. Brooklyn, N. Y. J. JOHNSON & CO., Proprietors. 000

SMITH, HATTER.

131 Nassau St., two doors from Beekman St., New York. Fine Mole-skin Silk Hats, \$2! Call and examine for yourself. 0000

Ladd, Webster & Co's
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH SEWING MACHINES,
500 Broadway, New York. 0000

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own native land."

OUR ARTISTS have been well employed this Summer, and we are now publishing the most exquisite series of AMERICAN SCENERY ever produced, including

- THE BEAUTIES OF THE HUDSON.
- THE GLENS OF THE CATSKILLS.
- THE HILLS AND DALES OF NEW ENGLAND.
- THE PICTURESQUE ON THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL.
- THE MAJESTY AND BEAUTY OF NIAGARA.
- GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT WEST.
- UP AND DOWN THE SEWERBURY.
- FOURTH OF JULY IN AND ABOUT NEW YORK.
- A STROLL IN CENTRAL PARK.

INSTANTANEOUS VIEWS IN BROADWAY. (A new series.)

THE EXECUTION OF THESE VIEWS IS UNSURPASSED.

CATALOGUES sent on receipt of stamp.

E. ANTHONY,

American and Foreign Stereoscopic Emporium,

No. 591 Broadway,

Three doors south of Ft. Nicholas Hotel.

A splendid assortment of new Foreign Views on Glass and Paper just received. 200-610

STEINWAY & SONS'



PATENT
OVERSTRICTED
GRAND
AND SQUARE
PIANOS

Are now considered the best Pianos manufactured. Each instrument warranted for five years. Warehouses, Nos. 32 and 34 Walker Street, near Broadway, N. Y. 0000

J. R. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR.

WHEN OLIVE TAR IS INHALED, its healing balsamic odors are brought in direct contact with the lining membranes of the

THROAT, BRONCHIAL TUBES AND ALL THE AIR-CELLS OF THE LUNGS,

Relieving at once any pain or oppression, and healing any irritation or inflammation.

WHEN OLIVE TAR IS TAKEN UPON SUGAR, it forms an unequalled, soothing and healing syrup for Coughs and all Throat Diseases.

WHEN OLIVE TAR IS APPLIED, its magnetic or concentrated curative powers render it a most speedy and efficient

PAIN ANNIHILATOR.

Olive Tar is not Sticky—does not Discolor.

Fifty Cents a bottle, at No. 442 Broadway, New York, and by all Druggists.

J. R. STAFFORD'S Iron and Sulphur Powders.

Are a soluble preparation of iron and sulphur, identical with that existing in the blood of a perfectly healthy person. Uniting with the digested food,

THEY REVITALIZE AND PURIFY THE BLOOD, THEY IMPART ENERGY TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, THEY INVIGORATE THE LIVER, THEY STRENGTHEN THE DIGESTION, THEY REGULATE THE SECRETIONS OF THE BODY, AND ARE A SPECIFIC FOR ALL KINDS OF FEMALE WEAKNESSES.

Price \$1 a Package, at No. 442 Broadway, New York, and all Druggists.

A PAMPHLET containing Testimonials from the following and many other well-known prominent persons will be sent to any address, free by mail:

Geo. Law, Esq., Fifth Av., New York.
Edmond Drake, Esq., Banker, New York.
Thurston Weed, Esq., Albany, N. Y.
Gen. Duff Green, Washington, D. C.
Colonel Samuel Colt, Hartford, Conn.
Col. Char. May, U. S. A.
Rev. Joshua Leavitt, Ed. Independent, N. York.
Rev. Edward Bright, Ed. Evangelist, N. York.
Rev. D. W. Crook, Agt., Am. Bible Union, N. Y.
Rev. O. F. A. Spinning, Butternut, N. Y.
Rev. Dr. Leonard, Exeter, N. H.

SEND FOR A PAMPHLET.

Patented November 1st, 1859.



THE MEASURES ARE

A, the distance around the Neck
B to B, the Yoke.
C to C, the Sleeve.
D to D, distance around the Body, under the armpits
E to E, the length of the Shirt.

BALLOU'S

Patent Improved French Yoke Shirts,
Patented November 1st, 1859.

A NEW STYLE OF SHIRT, WARRANTED TO FIT.

By sending the above measure per mail we can guarantee a perfect fit of our new style of Shirt, and return by Express to any part of the United States, at \$12, \$15, \$18, \$24, &c., &c., per dozen. No order forwarded for less than half a dozen Shirts.

Also Importers and Dealers in MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

BALLOU BROTHERS,

400 Broadway, N. Y.

Wholesale Trade supplied on the usual terms.

IMPORTANT TO THE MARRIED.—Send Stamp for particulars to D. A. WILLIAMS, Lowell, Mass. 259-605

Sent Free! Sent Free! Sent Free!

A New and Beautiful Art, for which we want Agents everywhere. Agents make \$50 a month. Terms and Specimen sent FREE. Address, with Stamp for return postage, L. L. TODD & CO., Lowell, Mass. 257-600



FRENCH'S

CELEBRATED CONICAL
Washing Machine,
UNEQUALLED AND INDISPENSABLE!

PRICE ONLY TEN DOLLARS.

Depot No. 410 Broadway,

corner of Canal St.

Agents wanted in all parts

of the United States.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

Address: Box No. 2,513

Post Office, New York City.

P. & R. FRENCH.

SILSBEE, CASE & CO., Photographic and Daguerrotype ARTISTS.

200% Washington Street, Boston.

Up but one flight of stairs.

G. M. SILSBEE, J. G. CASE, W. M. GIBBS.

231-74